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DEPEW TELLS OF THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS

LEGATE FOR HALF A CENTURY

w York's Junior Senator Recalls Scenes and Incidents.

aphically Describes the First Appearance of Theodore Roosevelt.

hauncey M. Depew, New York's junsenator, who attended the Republinational convention at Chicago re-, probably holds the record as a gate to or participant in his party's idential conventions, as he has been ent, usually as a very active memat every gathering of the kind since 0.

he convention was the thirteenth in ch he has taken a special personal rest.

r. Depew has written an entertainand instructive resume of the conions he has attended, beginning with of 1860, when Abraham Lincoln made the Republican nominee for ident.

very national convention has its own inguishing peculiarities. They differ much from each other as do the gates who compose them. The posiwhich New York occupied in each distinct historic value. The first conion with which I was familiar was one which met at Chicago in 1860 nominated Abraham Lincoln for ident. William H. Seward was the onal Republican leader and his nomiion was confidently anticipated. New k was wildly enthusiastic in his be, and a solid delegation, headed by liam F. Evarts, was behind him. Lincoln was but little known outof Illinois and the adjoining states. olitics in New York had long been inated by the firm of Seward, Weed Greeley. Just prior to this convenn the firm was dramatically dissolved the withdrawal of Greeley. Horace eley understood public opinion and to arouse it better than almost any malist of his time. He instituted a paign against the nomination of Mr. ard. He had himself elected a dele- from Oregon. In looking around a weapon he selected the street railfranchises in New York, which had been given by the preceding Republilegislature. It frightened the conion.

Defeat of Seward.

he legislature was dominated by Mr. d and Mr. Seward's friends. Mr. ard knew nothing whatever about t had happened in the New York slature; nevertheless Greeley sucled in creating the impression that e grants would make a scandal in canvass and Seward was defeated Abraham Lincoln nominated. The ch of Mr. Evarts presenting Mr. ard was the feature of the conven-

hen the party met at Baltimore in it was understood that Mr. Lin- would be renominated. The ques- was who for vice president. There a consensus of opinion that he ld be a war Democrat, and the ination was generally conceded to el S. Dickinson, of New York, who been a Democratic attorney gen- and United States senator from the e.

dge William H. Robertson, one of ablest and shrewdest of the New k politicians, and whose appointt as collector by Garfield sixteen rs afterward led to the retirement Conkling from public life, and I went n to Washington to get the views the administration on the vice presiy. We spent the evening with Secry of State Seward. He said there no point in the nomination of Dickn because of the soldiers' vote New k was safe but that it was necesto encourage the Union men in the er states; that Andrew Johnson, Tennessee, had taken his life in his ds and almost alone had kept Tenee in the Union, and therefore the e should fall upon him.

hen the judge and I arrived at the ention we found that who should vice president depended upon New k. The New York delegation fought the question from 8 o'clock one ning until 3 o'clock the next morn- and then the delegation by a ma- of four declared for Johnson. inson was voted for by the minor- but this action of the majority made nson vice president, and soon after, the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, sident of the United States. The matic incident of that convention the announcement from the platm of a union victory which had been during the day. Mr. Lincoln in that vention did not have everything his way. A nomination by acclamation refused and Missouri cast her solid for General Grant on the first bal-

he conventions of 1868 and 1872 simply ratification meetings in or of nominating the idol of the na- General Ulysses S. Grant.

Bitter Contest in 1876.

hen 1876 came around the different ions of the party lined up for a bit- contest. Blaine was the leader and choice of the masses of the Republn voters. While both were members the house of representatives he and ator Conkling had a bitter quarrel. ine would make up with anybody, Conkling never forgave any one inst whom he had a resentment. He determined to defeat Blaine. He trolled absolutely the organization of state of New York and became a didate himself, having behind him r-nine votes from his own state and nething over twenty others scatter- Blaine fell just short of the numnecessary to succeed.

Ohio Presented Hayes.

Ohio presented Rutherford B. Hayes, e was wholly unknown to most of the vention. On the second ballot New k swung to Hayes and that created stampede which led to his nomina- We all know that it is yet a hisical doubt whether Mr. Hayes or uel J. Tilden was elected, though office was awarded to Hayes through electoral commission.

The feature of that convention was speech of Robert J. Ingersoll nomting Blaine. He electrified not only convention but the whole country fixed upon Mr. Blaine the title of e Plumed Knight," which lasted unhis death. To satisfy New York, Wil- A. Wheeler, of that state, was inated for vice president.

n 1880 Mr. Blaine was again a can- ate and his success seemed assured. ical prophecy gave him the nomtion hands down. Mr. Conkling again ermined to defeat him. There was statesman in sight with whom that could be done, so the senator placed General Grant as a candidate in nomination for a third term. The general at that time was traveling abroad. The fight was the most hotly contested of any in Republican national conventions. In the line of the nominating speeches, Senator Conkling's nominating General Grant was the feature of that convention in one style, and General Garfield's nominating John Sherman in another.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW AS A YOUNG MAN

Garfield's Speech Won.

Garfield's speech captured the convention. For thirty-three ballots there was scarcely any change in the votes between Grant, Blaine and Sherman. Garfield received on every ballot one vote from Pennsylvania. On the thirty-fourth ballot Wisconsin changed her vote from Blaine to Garfield. On the thirty-fifth ballot Indiana followed suit, and on the thirty-sixth ballot there was a stampede to Garfield, and Garfield was nominated.

I sat just behind him. He was so agitated and overcome that his friends had to lead and almost lift him out of the convention. The convention was one of the most interesting in our history. To repay New York because of the terrible disappointment of Senator Conkling, Chester A. Arthur was made vice president.

Convention of 1880.

The fight in the convention of 1880 turned upon the unit rule. Senator Conkling contended that the instructions of the state conventions carried the vote of the entire delegation, and no matter what the revolt in the delegation the convention should only accept the solid vote of each state. The minority of the New York delegation resisted this claim, and also a minority of the Pennsylvania delegation headed by Wayne MacVeagh. On a close vote the unit rule was defeated, and the vote of each delegate had to be recorded in favor of his candidate. General Grant had a majority on the unit rule, but was beaten on the individual choice.

Mr. Arthur, who became president on the assassination of General Garfield, had made an excellent chief magistrate and in 1884 there was a strong sentiment in favor of his nomination for the presidency. The friends of Mr. Blaine, however, were determined that this time he should be nominated. There is no question that in 1876 and 1880 Blaine was the choice of the vast majority of the Republican voters.

Roosevelt's National Debut.

The fight opened with Arthur, Blaine and Edmunds as candidates. That convention was distinguished by the first appearance on the national stage of Theodore Roosevelt. The New York delegation was divided between Arthur and Blaine, and Mr. Roosevelt, with George M. Curtis, led a small minority for Senator Edmunds, of Vermont. The temporary chairman had always been named by the national committee and that nomination confirmed by the convention.

The national committee named for temporary chairman Powell Clayton, from Arkansas. Mr. Roosevelt, then twenty-four years of age, immediately arose, commanded the attention of the convention, declared that it was an outrage upon the several hundred and odd delegates to have a choice made by a national committee of whom only two members were delegates to the convention, that the negro should be recognized, and that Mr. Lynch, a negro representative and a delegate from Mississippi, should be elected. The appeal of Roosevelt won the day. The national committee was defeated and Mr. Lynch elected.

Byron says in Mazeppa:—

There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

In the whirligig of time this same Powell Clayton was a member of the sub-committee of the national committee whose action at Chicago in June this year surprised the country in turning down what was generally supposed to be President Roosevelt's choice for temporary chairman and nominating Senator Burrows.

Four years of the Democratic administration under President Cleveland left the Republican convention of 1888 without any marked leadership and a sort of free for all contest. The potent power of patronage was absent. New York presented me as her candidate, and I started with ninety-nine votes. The favorite of the party leaders was Senator Allison. Benjamin Harrison was receiving the vote of Indiana and a few others scattering.

The Iowa delegation concentrated their fire upon me, saying that as I was then president of the New York Central railroad my nomination would be fatal in their state, where hostility to railroads was the principal party asset. They were joined by Nebraska and Kansas, who came to me in a body and said if I ran, while they could carry their states for me for president, the party would be disrupted on account of the railroad issue, but that if I withdrew, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas would be Republican by enormous majorities forever.

It is a curious commentary upon political prophecies that, though withdrew, all three of these states subsequently went Democratic. I was promised about sixty more votes on the next ballot, but called the New York delegation together, stated to them the situation and asked to be released from further candidacy. The delegation voted to leave the choice for whom they should cast their votes to the four delegates at large, who were Senators Platt, Frank Hiscock, Warner Miller and myself. Platt and Hiscock were for Allison, Miller for John Sherman, in the course of discussion a good deal of friction arose between them.

Suggested Benjamin Harrison.

I thought that Harrison, with his ancestry and the sentiment of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and his splendid war record, presented the most popular possibilities, and he was free from the antagonisms aroused in New York by Iowa's hostility, and finally the four delegates at large, coming to the same conclusion, that result was reported to the New York delegation, and they thereupon made Benjamin Harrison their candidate. This secured his nomination. Again to satisfy New York for the loss of the presidency, Levi P. Morton was nominated for vice president.

President Harrison, though I think one of the ablest of all our presidents, had, unfortunately a cold manner which offended the party leaders. They decided that he should not be renominated. The president asked me to take the leadership of his convass for a renomination and make the nominating speech. I was very fond of Harrison and accepted the task. It seemed to me that success could only be had, as against the formidable strength of the leaders, by popular appeals, and I furnished the press with several columns a day, at frequent intervals, setting forth the claims of Harrison, and especially the proofs of the certainty of his success for the benefit of that large class, the "band wagon" patriots.

Before accepting the commission from the president, I called upon Mr. Blaine, told him of the request and said to him: "I have always been devoted to you. If you are a candidate then I am for you." He replied that his health was such that under no circumstances would he think of entering the field, nor did he believe he could survive the canvass, and that I was at liberty to do as I thought best. He died six months afterward, and nearly two months before he would have been inaugurated if elected.

Mr. Blaine at that time was secretary of state in Harrison's cabinet. His friends, however, insisted on presenting his candidacy against the President and persuaded him to permit them to do so. The speech of Senator Wolcott nominating him was a political gem. But after one of the hardest fights ever had in a national convention Harrison was renominated, and again the vice presidential nomination was awarded to New York in the person of Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

Rise of McKinley.

The distinguishing feature of the convention of 1892 was the coming into national view, appreciation and popularity of William McKinley as permanent chairman of the convention.

In 1896 an entirely new situation had arisen in the party. Mark Hanna, who had been unknown in national politics but was a successful business man, decided to do all in his power to bring about the nomination of William McKinley for President. He demonstrated a talent for organization on a large scale never known before in American politics. He created an organization in every state which compelled the submission of the state leaders or their retirement.

When the convention met in St. Louis Hanna was absolute master of the situation. While very arbitrary and dictatorial, he had an open mind for suggestion and advice and a talent for selecting able lieutenants. He secured the nomination of McKinley almost by acclamation, and then because of the effiecient help which he had received from United States Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, he gave New Jersey the vice presidency, in the person of George A. Hobart, though Hobart personally was unknown to the convention.

The convention of 1900 was again dominated by Hanna. The only question was who should be selected for vice president. Hanna concluded that Theodore Roosevelt, governor of New York, and hero of the Spanish war, would put ginger into the canvass and furnish aggressiveness and fighting qualities which did not characterize the amiable and able McKinley.

Roosevelt resisted with might and main. He wanted again to be governor of New York. He thought the vice presidency a political tomb, but no man yet has been able to resist the collective power of the delegates of his party when they have called upon him, and for the first time in his life Roosevelt surrendered.

The convention of 1904, of course, was an enthusiastic ratification for Roosevelt, followed by the most phenomenal popular majority of any President since Washington.

The convention of 1908 bowed to a dominating personality of far more power and personal magnetism than Mark Hanna. It was emphatically a Roosevelt convention. Its delegates believed in his policies, and by an overwhelming majority were enthusiastically devoted to him as a magnetic leader. In the candidacy of W. H. Taft, of Ohio, and platform the convention displayed unquestioning faith in Theodore Roosevelt. Except for Roosevelt's strong prohibition they would have nominated him.

The Castle of Gloom

By Robert Bracefield

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CHAPTER VII.

The Charms of Miss Boltwood.

Van Tasel arose a few hours later, after troubled dreams in which a thousand nymphs had danced about him — a thousand nymphs, but each one Mildred Boltwood. After a chop and coffee in the cafe, he took a cab to the law office of Benjamin Fosdick, his closest chum. Fosdick was buried in musty legal volumes.

"Well," said Fosdick, yawning, "what's up today? What are you so glum over, Van Tasel? You look like a man in love!"

"Ben," returned Van Tasel, taking a seat, "I remarked to myself as I rode over here that you were the best person I knew to read human nature. I'll repeat the compliment now."

Fosdick suddenly straightened.

"You don't mean it, Van! You don't mean to say you've really been smitten?"

Van Tasel's face grew ecstatic.

"I've met the most glorious creature on earth!" he exclaimed. "In all my travels I never came across a girl who could even approach her, in beauty, in poise, in delicacy, in grace—and—and so on, you know, Ben."

"The deuce! Can it be possible that it is Arthur Van Tasel—the invulnerable Van Tasel—talking like this! Have you lost your senses? Who is she? Describe her."

"I can't describe her, Ben, any more than you could describe your sister's Easter hat. She's sublime. When she smiles, a fellow feels as if the sun and the moon and the stars had got together and were throwing kisses at him. Her eyes! You never saw such dark luster—it melts into a man's soul, except when she chooses to freeze you. I tell you, Fosdick, she can freeze a fellow into a chunk of ice if she wants to. She froze me at first. She can blaze at you—burn you up and congeal you at the same moment!"

"So far as freezing's concerned, she failed with you," commented Fosdick.

Van Tasel ignored the attempt at humor.

"I imagine," he went on, "that she could carry off hauteur like a queen, under the right provocation. Did you ever stop to think, Ben, that haughtiness, properly carried, is a lofty attribute? There are plenty of women who affect it—few enough who can balance it off as it should be. Mildred Boltwood could do it to a queen's taste, although I've seen a lot of real queens who couldn't. And such hair, Fosdick! It reminds you of burnished copper—and oceans of it! Ah! Ben—"

"Red-headed!" said Fosdick, brutally.

Van Tasel's brow darkened. He shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the use of confiding a sentimental matter to an old brute like you?" he inquired. "What do you know about women? You're about as romantic as a cow. A fellow's a fool to talk romance to a lawyer, and expect to be understood. This law business, Fosdick, has made you a fossil, a mere slave to dry routine, a legal icicle. Your blood's frozen up. Why don't you get out of this dingy office and instill some real life into your shrunken veins? Then your soul might respond to such beauty as Mildred Boltwood's."

Fosdick threw back his head and laughed loudly.

"Bully for you!" he said. "That was a great speech, Van Tasel! You'd take well before a jury. As to romance, it doesn't go well with law. Facts count with us, and facts are cold-blooded. There isn't any such thing as romance, except in fiction and the hallucinations of lovers."

"You are so warped that you can't see romance," retorted Van Tasel. "There's romance in everything. I'll venture to say that Anthony Hope could find as stirring a romance right ere in New York as he did over in his mythical Ruritania."

"Why don't you write one?"

"If I should, I wouldn't want a more typical heroine than Mildred Boltwood—castle and all. She lives in the Castle of Gloom, Ben—a castle that might inspire any knight to assail. I'm going up there this afternoon to capture it."

Fosdick forgot his law books as Van Tasel related his story.

"And the strangest part of it is," he went on, "that I know her perfectly well, yet can't tell who she is. I've seen her somewhere about the globe. Who the deuce is she?"

"If you keep on raving about her, I'll find out who she is, and cut you out," threatened Fosdick.

Van Tasel sighed heavily.

"'Cut me out,' Ben, is a little far-fetched. I suppose I've got to cut out some other fellow. It isn't to be imagined that nobody's got into the Castle of Gloom ahead of me."

Suddenly he jumped to his feet.

"Fosdick," he shouted, "I'm going up there with the deliberate purpose of cutting out any man who's been presumptuous enough to bestow he attentions on Mildred! Any fellow who gets in my way had better look out! Any specimen of masculine insolence who has dared to—"

He had been pounding the table with his clenched fist and the racket was something terrific. Fosdick stopped him.

"For heaven's sake, Van Tasel," he pleaded, "don't get the police down on us! The clerks will think I am murdering you, or you me. Keep your head. No knight ever scaled a castle wall who ranted as you do."

"I'm not ranting," said Van Tasel, with injured tone, "and I've not lost my head. I'm as cool as you are. I'm merely emphatic, that's all."

Then he bent over close to Fosdick's ear and added, with a half hiss:

"And any man who steps on my toes will find me even more emphatic!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A Fast Automobile.

Van Tasel went to Cranium Castle that day in his favorite automobile—a powerful runabout, with which he was able to annihilate time in a manner that smashed all speed laws into fragments. He reached the foot of Cranium Cliff in little more than an hour from the time he left the circle at Central park. With triumphal joy he found himself easily mounting the tremendous grade at the end of his journey.

When Van Tasel saw Cranium Castle for the first time by day, he was more than ever struck with its resemblance to the ancient castles of Europe. Its daring site was for the first time brought home to him. De Witte had built it on the brink of the cliff, which descended abruptly hundreds of feet to the Hudson. No ruined pile overhanging a precipice ever had a bolder resting place than Cranium Castle. Van Tasel gazed in admiration, imaging how an army might be repulsed from this fortress, set on a pinnacle of rock, with its towers, ramparts, outer walls and parapet.

Having disembarked from his runabout, Van Tasel crossed the drawbridge and gave his card to a footman. Miss Boltwood appeared in a minute and Van Tasel's heart started off like a trip hammer.

"Mr. Van Tasel!" she said, rather coldly. "Really, it is good of you to come back so soon."

She was sarcastic, but he was there, and he didn't propose to be bluffed.

"The goodness is all on your side, for letting me come," he replied, with cool insolence. "It was really considerate of you to let me come up here in the daytime, to see you—and the Castle."

Many a man bold enough for this piece of impudence would have suffered for it. Just why Mildred Boltwood let it pass would be hard to explain. Perhaps she was lonesome up there in the dreary old structure, so high in the air. Perhaps she liked Van Tasel himself, or admired his assurance. It is not always easy to tell why a girl does this, or does that, o smiles on one man and frowns on another. At any rate, she did let it pass, merely remarking:

"And if I hadn't let you come, you would have come anyway?"

He had presence of mind. He put on a long face.

"No, if you hadn't let me come, I should have stayed away. But of course you wouldn't break my heart like that."

If she had been piqued at his coming, she forgot it, for now she smiled. A broken heart seemed something quite foreign to Van Tasel. It was out of keeping with his six feet of manhood. She asked him into the music room, from a window of which they could look out on the road by which he had come up the hill. His runabout was standing in sight.

"When I left New York," he said, "I had some doubt about being able to get up here at all, but I found it easy. Are you fond of autoing, Miss Boltwood?"

"I adore it!" she exclaimed unguardedly, "but I have been deprived of it here because I could get no automobile able to make the grade up the cliff."

And then she was guilty of an indiscretion by letting it slip that she had been watching him climb the hill and that his automobile was the first so far as she knew, to get up.

"You must tell me the make of your car," she said. "I must surely have one."

It was the automobile that had caught her—not Van Tasel. His spirits fell. At all events he had discovered a vulnerable point quite by accident. A bold thought flashed across his brain.

"I shall not only tell you the make," he said, "but you shall ride in the car—down the hill and back again. I shall turn myself into an automobile agent. Will you get your wraps?"

CHAPTER IX.

Why Not Jump Out?

She froze him for a moment, but his nerve did not desert him. Some men might have wilted under her imperious glare, but not Van Tasel. He stood up with bland assumption under it Somehow, it seemed perfectly proper and natural that he should be asking her to ride in his automobile. Instead of Van Tasel' wilting, Miss Boltwood wilted. It was the first intimation he had that his personality had some power over her. Her queenly air melted into a blush that set all of Van Tasel's nerves tingling.

"Do you think," she said, because there seemed nothing else she could say, "that I shall need wraps?"

It was a victorious moment for Van Tasel. He was getting on fast. The automobile had been a lucky hit. Automobiles, like babies, afford a common ground for acquaintance.

As he gave her his hand and helped her into the auto a thrill swept over him. Here he was, Van Tasel, with this lovely vision at his side. An ecstatic transport was his. She was sitting beside him, so close and intimate—so dependent on his skill and judgment in the descent of this dangerous road. She trusted him! A wild joy possessed him. She was his—his for the moment, and no man could dispute him.

She was flushed, but quite cool and collected, and she carried herself as if a ride in Van Tasel's runabout were an ordinary thing. Yet when the car gave a plunge ahead she caught her breath and gripped the rail on one side—and his arm on the other.

"There's nothing to fear," he said, softly. "You'll get accustomed to the machine in a moment. The only fault with it is that it's too full of life, like some horses."

She looked off over the edge of the precipice.

"You're not frightened?" he said, reassuringly. "You are not sorry you came?"

"No," she answered, dubiously, "and yet I'm sure that I should not undertake the climb alone, even if I owned and automobile that could make it. And at night this cliff road would be impossible."

"With a searchlight it would be quite easy," he assured her.

She gave a little scream as the car swayed round a bend where the road narrowed. Van Tasel reduced the speed. He knew his machine—a touch would control it—but its load was a precious one. Alone he was a dare-devil. Now, it was different. Never in all his autoing had he felt so much responsibility. For his thoughtfulness he got another enrapturing smile. For that smile he would have taken the pace of a snail.

Van Tasel, however, little dreamed to what the adventure would lead in the end. Nor did he dream that at this moment there were watchful eyes peering at him from behind the dense shrubbery of the cliff.

He did not suspect, furthermore, that within a quarter of an hour of the time he left the old castle a mysterious message was flying over the telegraph wires to New York.

As they wound their way down the cliff it seemed a dangerous feat. Even in a carriage, with trustworthy horses, Miss Boltwood never had taken the ride without twinges of fear. Now it seemed that they were to go over the brink at each frightful curve. There were moments when she set her teeth and put her trust in heaven—and Van Tasel! He seemed so substantial that she could not help trusting him.

When the reached the bottom, Miss Boltwood was aglow with the exhilaration of the sport. Van Tasel smiled.

"It might have seemed dangerous," he said, "but in reality there was no hazard at all—at least not more than there ought to be to give the sport zest. Fair weather autoing, Miss Boltwood, like fair weather sailing, would be monotonous if it were always unbroken."

A straigth stretch of level road lay before them and Van Tasel proposed that they take a spin before going back. The way the runabout ate up that highway was quite terrifying, but Miss Boltwood was game. As for Van Tasel, he was sailing on golden clouds. He was quite irresponsible.

However, as Van Tasel evinced no sign of turning round, Miss Boltwood herself gave the command.

"We have gone far enough," she told him. "You must go back at once."

Van Tasel let out his automobile a notch.

"We will go back!" repeated Miss Boltwood in finality.

"Of course," assented Van Tasel. "In the meantime, you know I am going to sell you an automobile. Just notice this contrivance—we call it the 'clutch'——"

The car was careening over a rough stretch of the boulevard and Miss Boltwood was clinging in dismay to the cushions.

"Mr. Van Tasel!" she interrupted with queenly authority, "let me out this instant—this instant, I say!"

"Oh, that wouldn't be possible," coolly answered Van Tasel. "If I were to stop the car in an instant you and I would go on without it. Now, here is a lever——"

"Where are you taking me?" gasped Miss Boltwood.

"To New York," assured Van Tasel. "In my auto, it's only a step. At Bowling Green, you know, there's a fine place to turn around."

CHAPTER X.

Keeps Her Secret.

The effrontery of this proposition of Van Tasel's—to take the imperious Mildred Boltwood clear to New York in his automobile—was past belief.

Miss Boltwood caught her breath. Go to New York with Van Tasel—with a strange young gentleman whom she had known less than twenty-four hours, who had introduced himself, had called without permission, and been insolently friendly from the first! Shocking!

They were making the speed of a fast express train, and the gale they created took away the girl's protest. Her veil was streaming behind, and her tresses were hopelessly tangled. There was red blood in her cheeks, and it wasn't all anger. It was kingly sport they were in—this mad pace in Van Tasel's car.

Van Tasel had vowed to subdue her, and he did it. She could not jump out at a mile-a-minute. There was nothing to do but go along to New York. The autocratic young beauty was caught in a trap.

"You know," said Van Tasel, as he slowed down for Yonkers, "that automobile agents are hard people to manage. When once they set out to sell a machine, you can't do anything with them."

"You have been most ungentlemanly," retorted Miss Boltwood. "You shall not come to see me again—no, never!"

It was a weak protest for this haughty girl to make, and it carried not the slightest conviction. Van Tasel smiled inwardly. He had conquered her fiery authority. He was perfectly sure, now that she had come this far toward New York, that she wouldn't have him turn around for the world. She was finding it glorious sport—though she would not admit it.

"Very well," said Van Tasel, resignedly; 'when we get to the Battery, I shall run my automobile straight into the bay."

Miss Boltwood was somewhat alarmed. Her acquaintance with Van Tasel, short thought it was, had proved him to be quite extraordinary. She was not sure what he might do, or might not. In calm nerve and assurance he seemed equal to anything.

"However," Van Tasel continued, "there'll be time enough to change your mind before we get to salt water."

Then he made Miss Boltwood wince by suddenly changing the subject and asking:

"Did you live in New York before you went to The Castle of Gloom?"

If he had asked so familiar a question the night previous, Miss Boltwood would have frozen him solid. In a few hours he had got her under his thumb. She tried to freeze him now, but failed miserably.

"No," she said, shortly.

"Where?" asked Van Tasel, blandly.

He had resolved to plunge boldly. Why should the Boltwoods conceal their lives? What right had they to be so secretive that all their neighbors should believe them to be witches from Europe, or something quite as horrible?

"We lived abroad," said Miss Boltwood, biting her lip.

"Ah!" said Van Tasel. "I have been abroad much myself. Was it in London or Paris that I met you? Or was it—let me see!—was it Italy?"

Miss Boltwood was startled.

"Met me, Mr. Van Tasel?" she faltered. "Quite impossible!"

She turned scarlet, then pallid. Van Tasel, with side glance, noted the effect of his words. "What devilish mystery is back of this girl?" he thought.

"I am sure of it," he insisted. "It was some years ago. It will come to me presently."

There was a strange light in her eyes. She glanced at him with a mixture of curiosity and dread. Was he in earnest, or joking? Did he really know more than his words indicated? Van Tasel saw the look, and pressed his advantage. He would make her tell, before he was through with her!

"Four years ago," he said, affecting sudden remembrance in the hope of drawing out the truth, "you were living in London. Ah! yes. Let me see! It was along about Christmas——"

He paused in feigned perplexity, to give her a chance to correct him.

But the rapid Mr. Van Tasel was altogether too rapid. Miss Boltwood, whatever her secret, had no intention of confiding it to a daredevil young man who had impertinently insisted on an acquaintance, and who had come back next day to kidnap her. Recovering her presence of mind, she replied, quite sweetly, but with a triumphant toss of her head:

"You are quite right. It was along about Christmas, and in London. Dear me! to think that I should have forgotten you in four years!"

Having failed to trick Miss Boltwood, Van Tasel did the next best thing, and laughed. Then he made a clean breast of it.

"I don't know whether it was London or not, but I'm no less sure that I've seen you before. Won't you tell me where you've lived?"

Perhaps Mildred Boltwood had to fight to resist the subtle power Van Tasel was weaving about her, but she came out squarely.

"No."

"Why?" asked Van Tasel aggrieved.

"Because!" said Miss Boltwood, coolly. She tried once more to congeal him.

"'Because,' is an excellent reason," answered Van Tasel, feigning indifference. "I am quite satisfied. Here we are at Kingsbridge."

Both Van Tasel and Miss Boltwood were too much occupied with each other to notice an automobile drawn up alongside the road. Broken-down autos were altogether too common to attract attention. Yet no sooner had Van Tasel's car gone by than the other machine showed quick signs of activity. Two men, who ostensibly had been tinkering with it, hurriedly gathered their tools and got aboard. In a moment they were following Van Tasel.

(To Be Continued.)

The Count and The Congressman

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

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CHAPTER XI.

It was mid-August and summer held sway over the lawns and gardens of the old Virginian mansion perched upon a wooded hill-top, whose white colonnades and walls had for over a hundred years stood as a landmark to the voyagers upon the Potomac river-boats, and were revered by the humbler neighbors as a visible sign and seal of the high ideal of landed aristocracy still dominant over the popular mind of the venerable state. In the eyes of the country people the trivial fact that old Harmony Hall had drifted out of possession of the Methuen family, its colonial owners, into that of a man of yesterday with no grandfathers in particular who happened to be in the congress of the United States, did not affect their persistent habit of referring to it as "the grand old Methuen place, you know, where General Washington was as much at home as at Mount Vernon."

The neighborhood had not seen much in late years of any Methuen. Years ago, Wilfred, the handsome rover had sold out his share of the estate to Augustin, his elder brother, had married a rich lady up "Nawth" and spent most of his time traveling with her in "Eurrup" until he died. Augustin, sad to say, had gone steadily down hill in point of fortune. "A perfect gentleman, but no faculty," was the way they spoke of him. "Clerk in one fo the departments at Wash'n't'n," they believed. "Family all scattered, the boys having no interest in old Virginia, anyway, regular westerners they had become, the girls getting to be old maids, all except the youngest, the beauty, she that was 'took abroad' by Wilfred Methuen's widow. Living image, 'twas said,' of her famous colonial great-aunt, the belle of Williamsburg and the lower James, also a Margot Methuen!" Every farmer's wife and petty tenant in the Harmony Hall district knew the traditions of the first Margot Methuen, and speculated as to whether Augustin's youngest wasn't going to build up the family fortunes by a first-rate match. A poor picture of the young lady cut from the Sunday column of a Washington society journal was a part of the decoration of every farm house best room for miles around the limits of Harmony Hall.

During the previous autumn, workmen had been set to work at the decayed old dwelling, strengthening beams, enlarging wings and roofs, putting in modern plumbing and tanks for acetylene gas, laying new floors, introducing pipes for steam heat into halls and corridors hitherto glacial at midwinter; and rebuilding entirely a glass room or winter garden, about which tradition told proud tales of its having been added in bygone days by a travelled Methuen who had seen its original in a Russian palace.

For many a long year this annex had been an eye-sore, a wrecked haunt, for broken furniture and accumulated household debris, cobwebs, dust and bats. Now, to the awesome astonishment of those privileged to behold it, arose again a crystal dome intended to overarch in winter a steam-warmed bower of greenery with walks of golden sand, a fountain surrounded by great-leafed Egyptian plants, roses trained over green trelliswork upon the walls, and tall palms and bamboos planted in clumps amid couches, chairs and tables of jaunty wickerwork! The country now, indeed, sat up and began to look with respect upon the new proprietor of old Harmony.

After the restoration of the house, came that of the grounds. A landscape gardener "all the way from New York," took in charge hedges, paths, shrubbery, flower beds, box-walks and mazes, bringing order out of chaos, giving employment to more than the neighborhood could supply and in the end convincing even the grumblers against change that he was more inveterate than they in keeping to the models of the past. When the stables came in for their share of renovation, and were further supplemented by a smart and capacious garage up to date, the gossips who peeped at the new wonders went home wagging their heads as who should say—"the last touch has been put!"

And still no owner made his appearance on the scene. It was whispered that he had been there in company with his architect and landscape gardener, between two boats, and had expressed himself as satisfied in a perfunctory sort of way. "A flashy man, kind o' handsome for them as likes that style," pronounced Miss Elvira Weekes, who lived in the little red cottage near the landing and had special opportunities for observation of visiting strangers. "I reckon he'd never 'a' done all this for his lonesome, and so we'd just better be lookin' out for a Mrs. McPhail by the time the old furniture gets red up."

But the old furniture was covered and polished, old rugs and engravings and prints were put in place, the summer flowers were all a-bloom, before any sign of tenancy of the beautiful dwelling presented itself to Miss Elvira Weekes. She had seen a few respectable servants take possession, but all efforts at sociability with them had proved provokingly futile.

And at last on this day of August, Miss Elvira's wildest hopes of excitement were destined to meet gratification. Up the hill from the boat wharf wended a procession consisting of three young ladies, afoot, followed by an ambulance in which lay extended the spare and wasted form of a half-conscious man, attended by nurse and doctor, and the new Hall carriage brought up the rear

containing an older lady veiled and weeping.

Poor Mrs. Methuen was come into her desired kingdom at last, but under sad disabilities! For some weeks, her husband had lain at the point of death, and they had brought him back to his birthplace in the hope of coaxing him to live. It was a collapse of nerves reacting upon the body, and since his sudden seizure that had summoned Margot home directly after her visit to Venice, poor Mr. Methuen had shown but little recognition of passing events. Mrs. Wilfred Methuen who promptly and graciously accompanied her niece to Washington, had lingered there long enough to find she could be of no personal service, and with a handsome present to her sister-in-law sufficient to tide her over the exigencies of such an illness, had withdrawn to Manchester-by-the-sea, which she found "more endurable than most American summer places." She had borne with perfect good humor the interruption of her plans; had allowed Mr. McPhail to make arrangements for their voyage home, but suggested that he himself had better return by a later steamer, to which dictum McPhail gave reluctent assent. It was observable by him and Margot, that the good lady was distinctly nervous about her visit to the Massachusetts coast, from which both argued that she had resolved on this occasion to make a virtue of impending necessity, and effect a meeting with her future charge, Miss Minnie Fothergill.

How thankfully Margot had subscribed to her aunt's decision that McPhail might not accompany them, she hardly realized. Her whole mind and heart were filled to overflowing with distress at her father's condition. She had found him in a hospital, their poor little home proving inadequate to give shelter to his case. Every day while she walked over scorching pavements to visit him, she had thought not of the promise to marry him she had finally given McPhail on their way back from Chioggia on the Rosa Maria, but of the immediate absorbing present. Would her dear one be living another day?

The poverty, mean device, discomfort of her home, the wearisome iteration of her sister's lament over their lack of prospect, the dazed despair of her mother, did not in those days effect her sensibly. The first threatening of the break of this tie that had always been supreme in her affection dwarfed all beside. As she sat in the waitingroom of the hospital, her heart beating with dull fear as to what change might have come to the dear patient in the night, till the message came down to her by telephone to mount up to his ward, even the memory of Far Niente's enchanted garden and its master dwindled to insignificance. She could not, she dared not, trust herself to think of another love than that her father claimed.

At last a day had come when Augustin Methuen was distinctly better. He recognized his child, welcomed her back with a faint smile, showed that he wanted her near him. His wife, the authorities did not venture as yet to trust at their patient's bedside.

The next day, the physician in charge of Mr. Methuen had accompanied his daughter along the corridor and stopped beside her with his hand on the button of the lift.

"Yes, I think the worst is over, my dear young lady," he had said, while casting an eye of appreciation upon the extreme beauty and distinction of his visitor, so odd an offshoot from the overworn and wasted parent to whom he cared not propose the only scheme that occurred to him as probable to revive a crushed nervous system. "I wonder if I may tell you frankly what I counsel for Mr. Methuen; the one desirable, nay indispensable thing for his possible recovery."

"You mean removal from town to a place where he may have fresh air and good country food," said Margot, steadily facing his hesitating gaze of inquiry.

He was surprised at the confidence in her tone.

"Exactly. And truly, unless this can be conveniently arranged—"

"My mother had already spoken to me of the necessity," she interrupted him. "And I am glad to be able to tell you that as soon as you are willing for my father to be carried there, we shall take him to his old home on the Potomac."

"Harmony Hall!" exclaimed the doctor, who knew all about McPhail's purchase and restoration of the celebrated old house. In fact McPhail had told him the facts one evening at the Metropolitan club.

"Yes. My mother has consented to accept the place as a loan from the present owner. I ought to tell you, perhaps, that I am engaged to marry Mr. Angus McPhail."

Not even a momentary lowering of the crest. The astonishment of the good and clever medico was only equalled by his predominant feeling that Angus McPhail was the luckiest dog in Christendom.

"I have no wish that it should be kept a secret," pursued Miss Methuen. "My mother already looks upon Mr. McPhail as the kindest of sons, and upon his return shortly from Europe, the time of the marriage will be announced. You can see that we have everything to hope for, if my dear father's recovery is dependent upon change to a lovely and congenial spot."

"Then the sooner we get him there the better," said the doctor cheerfully. "But in offering you my congratulations, Miss Methuen, together with every hope for a favorable issue from this illness of your father's—given the conditions that now seem to obtain—I should remind you of one thing. You are not to expect any immediate recognition of place, or times or surroundings, from my patient. It will be weeks before he notices what is going on outside his bed room. His good nurse will be his intermediary with his family and the outer world. He will probably not know he is not still in the hospital."

For the first time the doctor observed a token of ordinary girlish sensibility in Margot Methuen. A deep red flush ran up into her face, extending to the roots of her splendid rippled hair.

"That is what I am counting upon," she said with perfect dignity.

The physician tried after she left him to understand her meaning, and finally gave it up. He had a pretty and petted daughter of his own, and while deciding that he would hardly be glad to give her in marriage to the Honorable Angus, it seemed to him that it was a very different thing with the broken-down and impoverished gentleman who lay prone on his cot, his earthly usefulness forever over, a lot of helpless women on his hands, his two sons barely able to keep themselves going in a far-distant city. Augustin Methuen, in short, could not afford to look down upon this match. His friends generally would consider it a Godsend.

As for the extraordinarily calm and almost haughty young person, Methuen's daughter, the doctor could not fathom her attitude to the affair, and would not try. Next winter there would be a superb new hostess for Angus McPhail's dinners, and all the world would be raving of her beauty and surroundings. In the meantime the doctor would hasten arrangements to get poor Methuen out of town.

* * * * * *

When Margot for the first time told her mother what she had told the doctor a half hour previously, Mrs. Methuen grew quite faint with joy. A heavenly vista seemed to open before her. She even found herself lifting her child's hands to her poor pale lips and kissing them. She did not offer to kiss her face.

"Understand me, mother," said the girl, drawing back ashamed at this unusual demonstration. "I am doing this thing for my father. I had decided upon it when your last letter came to me in Venice, and at once told Mr. McPhail I would marry him some day, if only he would give me time to be used to the idea. I suppose he considers we are engaged. But today, when I felt that a way opened to take our poor darling, where it might save his life to go—I was glad, grateful for the chance. I am going now to send a cable message to Mr McPhail telling him to come home, that we are all moving down to Harmony Hall. I have money enough for the telegram—Aunt Katrina has been so generous—and I can't rest till I send it. I tell you—I can't rest."

"Oh! my precious little one!" wailed Mrs. Methuen.

"Not tears, mother, I really can't stand that. And you must keep the girls from talking to me about it, mind. That is all I exact. Now we have loads to do, packing and so on and shutting up this house, so stir yourself to think of that, and nothing else."

"Mayn't I even tell you that there's been a letter from Julia today, saying she is going to make another visit in Fauquier, and needn't be home till the end of August. The Tankervilles have invited her, thank heaven. And there's something better. She's met Mr. Slacum again at the Tankervilles and he has prospects of a place in North Carolina with a decent salary; and he's told her to wait a little while and see. Was there ever anything better? For Julia, I must say, was completely soured over that Slacum failure. Not even to visit Harmony Hall would she leave Fauquier now. So we'll be at rest on her score for the present. Poor Maud and Jessy will go crazy with joy over Harmony, I expect, and as for me, that and your father's betterment today, have made me ten years younger, I do declare."

* * * * * *

As the little procession wound up to the high ground on which the hall stood, and Margot keeping ahead of the limp Maud and Jessy, took in the full beauty and finish of the scene, her heart swelled with an excitement that was not altogether displeasing. All that McPhail had told her about it in the Frari, was more than justified by actuality. The ancient house had been made to live again, was endued with all its old-time stateliness. Gardens, orchards, fields, uplands, forest, nestled around it in the plenitude of summer's golden prime, the whole a "goodly heritage," linking past with present.

Two servants, a man and a woman, quiet, discreet and pleasant of manner, were at the door to welcome them. These people had received their orders, and acted upon them strictly. The Methuens, whenever they signified their intention of visiting the place were to be treated as if it were still their own. Margot, first to arrive upon the threshold, was referred to as the leader of the party. When the bustle of transferring the invalid to the chamber where he had first seen light, was accomplished successfully, and his nurse left in charge, Mrs. Methuen with the young doctor and her daughters found awaiting them in the cool airy dining-room with its fittings of black oak, flowers looking in at the open windows, such a daintily spread meal as had not for months occurred to at least three of them as a possibility.

"It is so wonderful, my dears," cooed the mother. "It is like fairy work, when I remember this room as it was before we sold. Awfully shabby, yet nothing much seems changed, except their putting this lovely Turkish rug in the middle of the floor, and polishing up the furniture. There's old Aunt Kitty Davenant's Spode tea service behind the glass of the corner cupboard, I'll declare! In my time it was scattered all over the house, what the negroes had left of it. I'd no idea it would look so stylish brought together."

Margot ate her clear soup, her sweetbread and broiled chicken feeling like a person who had been gently drugged. When they had finished, while yet her mother and the girls nibbled on with their ecstasies over anything, she excused herself to go to her father's room. Finding the patient not only none the worse for his transfer, but sleeping more quietly, she sent the nurse into the adjoining dressing room where her tray had been placed at her request.

"It is just beautiful how he's borne it," whispered Miss Belknap, smilingly as she went off on tiptoe. "Two or three quiet days in this sweet atmosphere and I'll warrant we'll feel our minds at rest about him."

Left with the beloved sufferer, Margot stood in her strong and erect young beauty beside the old four-poster bed with its tester of snowy netting, looking tenderly down at this unconscious form. The green shutters of all the windows save one were closed, leaving the room in cool twilight. Through the aperture left by the bowed shutters of the window toward the river, came a wandering breeze scented with mignonette. Margot started unpleasantly as she remembered how she had warmly approved of McPhail's idea of planting mignonette in quantities near the house, having long ago mentioned to him her peculiar fondness for its clean fragrance.

There was nothing she could do for the sleeping sufferer, and the girl withdrew to the shelter of a "grandfather" armchair covered in large flowered chintz, that stood near the open window. Leaning both arms upon the sill, she gazed out, hardly seeing for blinding tears, the fair landscape she had so long coveted.

It was all over with her past, her brief passionate love-dream was forever put aside. Here, just here, was her duty, for this she had paid her great price. Never a word hod come from Stelvio since the witching night on the Grand Canal in Venice, when his song had borne to her the burden of his passionate farewell. Things subsequ at had moved rapidly; the shock of her father's illness; the rushed voyage over; the terrible fortnight of hospital attendance in Washington, all had combined to dull and dim her impressions of the heavenly weeks at Como. This was literally the first moment she had had to collect her ideas and breathe free of the goad of anxiety to get her father safely into a better atmosphere. But now that immediate pressure was removed, she was astonished and pained by the prompt recurrence of her memories of Stelvio. Everything he was, had done, or said, returned with resistless force to haunt and charm her imagination. And as she dwelt upon these delicious memories, farther and farther into the limbo of forgotten disagreeables receded the thought of the master of Harmony Hall.

She drew suddenly out of these musings to recall that a letter from Aunt Katrina had been, according to her custom, tucked into her blouse unopened, when they had handed it to her on setting out for the boat. In her preoccupation with the invalid's removel, she had not thought of it again. Yet nothing now could be more welcome, more life-giving than one of Mrs. Wilfred Methuen's epistles full of congenial sympathy, and scattered with refernces to their joyous days of travel, and to people of the wider, outer world.

"Dear Aunt Katrina," thought Margot self-reproachfully. "I understand you better now. And but for your bountiful giving to our family, we should have been dependent upon Mr. McPhail for actually the moving down here. To think how I've kept you waiting!"

The letter was long, full of everything the kind aunt could think of to cheer and encourage the late companion of her rambles in foreign parts. There was even a restrained but telling recital of her reunion with the serious and advanced Miss Minnie Fothergill. Margot could not but smile at this. And then came, unheralded, certain phrases that made the reader's heart leap up: "A letter from Countess Fleury tells me that her neighbor, Count Stelvio, has left the Lake, for what point they are not informed. It is a popular belief, however, that he will next be heard of in the Engadine, in attendance upon Miss Carteret and the richissima Miss Conners. It seems to be a fact that while she was there, he was continually in her company, and that older folk who looked on ventured to hope that the dear, beautiful boy has at last seen the folly of dragging out a lift of melancholy poverty, when, with the aid of the Conners millions he might—"

"Oh! he would never, never stoop to that!" Margot thought, throwing down the sheet impulsively. Her eyes flashed, her cheeks burnt with resentment at the wretched insinuation. Then as quickly, her mood changed, and she dropped her lovely head in contrition. For was not this what she herself had "stooped" to do? At this moment was she not reaping the full harvest of her humiliation?

A faint stir in the bed summoned her, and directly she was at her father's side, answering his appeal for water with loving solicitude.

"I felt as if you were there," he said drowsily, as she ministered to him. Then opening his eyes, suddenly he smiled and added:

"It is good to be back in your room, mother!" and turning comfortably upon his side fell again into deep sleep.

During the days immediately succeeding, upon each one of which as it opened, the nurse had a more cheering report to offer, Margot bestowed no further regrets upon her own action. Her hours occupied with attendance upon both parents, went swiftly. To her relief, the girls, her sisters, developed simultaneously sources of preoccupation for their thoughts and time: Maud being engaged in writing a novel of Society among the Four Hundred of New York (where she had never been) and the irrepressible Jessy in setting up a flirtation with the young newly-fledged physician who came down two or three times a week to Harmony Hall to supervise the favorable progress of his patient. When Mrs. Methuen, a little terrified by the prospective cost of this attendance had inquired into the matter, she had been informed that both doctor and nurse were under instructions by cable from Mr. McPhail, and with a burst of tears carefully concealed from her youngest daughter, as well as the cause thereof, had acquiesced. Alas! the poor woman's sense of independence had taken wings to itself long since, and she was now as ready to receive her benefactor's dole as any crumple visitor with a basket applying at her own back door for alms. Her delight was immeasurable in the ease and elegance of the present life: at sitting down three times a day at the head of a perfectly served table of which she had not to count the cost; of enjoying her siesta in a great cool, fragrant chamber upon a deep luxurious lounge, with frilled musin pillows under her worn old head; of taking down endless novels from the library shelves, and arranging flowers from her own garden—and most of all, of driving out late in the afternoon in a neat little open carriage of which the livered coachman touched his hat quite as if he belonged to her, while her humble neighbors came out to their front doors and saluted admiringly the reinstated lady of Harmony Hall. It was her little Indian summer of enjoyment, after a hard, cruel struggle for existence, and Margot could not find it in her heart to blush for her.

It was a quiet life they had. The few people of their own condition left in the neighborhood, lived at a distance and were not to be depended upon for social calling. Washington depopulated during the hot months, sent them no visitors. In the intervals of her self-imposed duties indoors, Margot wandered in the woods, rode on horseback early in the morning, busied herself in overseeing the gardens and poultry yard, and read voraciously the well-chosen standard books with which McPhail had stocked the old library.

The answer to her cablegram to McPhail had come only too promptly and was, in spirit, all that it ought to be.

He thanked them for their gracious occupation of his house, rejoiced with them in Mr. Methuen's improvement, and was sailing from Cherbourg on the Friday following. Margot had not dared at first to count the days intervening before his probable arrival at Harmony hall. The little silver-mounted calendar Aunt Katrina had given her was turned with its tell-tale face toward the wall. But ten days fly quickly, and when the knowledge that he must be there on the morrow finally forced itself upon her, she started violently like one detected in a theft. All day she wandered like a soul in pain, and in the cool fo evening stole out to an old favorite spot of childhood, a hillock in the nearby forest masses with tiny wlid blossoms from spring to autumn, from which, through a vista in the great armed oaks and beeches, she could look down upon a shining reach of the Potomac whereon a number of lazy fishing boats lay at anchor. If not quite the Court of Hermes, this niche in the old Virginian woods was a fair substitute for that spot beloved in memory. Here, Margot dropped upon a rustic bench, and, for the last time, so she told herself, lived over the hour in Far Niente garden where she gave her heart away never to be recalled. She would soon be McPhail's wife, since to him her poor family must look for support till things bettered. For herself she would rather take any place as paid dependent in another's family, do any work however menial, but the great Juggernaut Car of Necessity was rolling swiftly nearer and would soon crush her to death. Had not Stelvio, too, accepted the inevitable for her and himself? Already a gulf wider than the sea seemed to separate them. She asked herself why she had been the toy of Destiny, to be thus thrown headlong into a hopeless passion for a man alien to her in race, in education, in religion, whom her parents would not have welcomed. She vaguely wondered if after a few years of misery she might not grow to be as calm and indifferent to the married tie as were many—most women indeed—of her acquaintance. The thought of brave Betty Carteret's encouragement came back to her. Since her return home, Mrs. Methuen had told Margot it was generally believed that McPhail had been "once thinking of marrying Miss Carteret," but that it had "blown over."

A Bold Step.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broadcast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has removed his medicines from among secret nostrums of doubtful merits, and made them *Remedies of Known Composition.*

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulas are of such excellence that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

Not only does the wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, torpid liver or biliousness and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it, *in plain English*, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing *in the strongest possible terms*, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this little book it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral agents or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from native, medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, over-worked, "run-down," nervous and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago, by the Indians for similar ailments affecting their squaws. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was known to the Indians as "Squaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of not a few of our most valuable native, medicinal plants was gained from the Indians.

As made up by improved and exact processes, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retorversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

And Betty had actually cared for him! Had been generous enough to put aside her own hopes and pretensions, to advise Margot to make herself happy in accepting the recreant lover. Oh! why, why could not Miss Carteret have married him herself, and saved Margot these days of feeling like a hunted, panting hare?

Stelvio! oh! for a last word with him to ease her bursting heart. One look only——!

And here, through the thick underwood came to her in answer to this cry of the heart, Stelvio in person, pale, haggard, worn, deep love and reproach in his eyes—!

"You? You here?" she cried breathlessly. "Oh! it can't be."

For a moment she did not speak, and she, who had risen shaking in every limb, dropped back upon the bench, putting one hand across her eyes in bewilderment.

Then his words came in an impetuous fiery stream.

"I am here because I heard you were soon to marry him, that man who bought my poor Biberon, when I, stupid fool, thought I was selling it only to win you. When Countess Fleury told me this was so I went away from my home and sailed directly for America. Since then, I have been in Washington, have learned all that you have done. A journal of this morning says that Mr. McPhail is returning tomorrow, that your marriage day will then be announced. I left the automobile that brought me here at a farmhouse somewhere near, and called at your house to be told that Madame, your mother, is driving out, and that you were in this wood. A servant came with me to show the way, but I sent him back. Oh! he dared not refuse me that man. I think I should have killed him had he not shown me where to find you. Margot, I cannot bear it, I can't lose you, I can't let that vulgar brute take from me all my treasures. If I did not believe you love me, me only, if you can look me in the eyes and say you don't, why I will give you up and go away, crushed and beaten. But I won't do it without trying to keep you. I am your lover and you are mine, spite of all the world. That night I sang to you in Venice, I knew my voice went straight to your heart wherever you might be. I felt sure you would somehow answer me, that I should hear from you again to bid me come back and take you for my own—and when no word came, when silence fell between us like a black veil, I was sore and wounded, but had no thought of change. Then I met Miss Carteret and she told me of your summons home to your father's bedside. My love fell back ashamed of its selfish persistence. I said to myself I can wait, till she has fulfilled this sacred duty, and then I will go again to ask her to be my wife! I tried to be patient, to do the things that other people do. I sought the society of that sweet kind woman, Miss Carteret, in spite of the tiresome bourgeoise she had with her, because she spoke to me of you with affection and understanding. All that while I had been waiting, straining at the leash. So when at last I had Countess Fleury's dreadful tidings of your engagement, and it was confirmed by Miss Carteret, whose sad face consoled me in my black hours when I had to talk and act as if I cared not at all, I broke away and came."

"And you suppose you've had all the sorrow?" cried she, hotly. "You making nothing of my suffering when I heard you in Venice and knew you were calling me and dared not answer—"

She tried to withdraw the rash admission, startled by the rapture in his face, but could not, for Stelvio's arms were around her, he was kissing her face and hair.

"Ah! don't struggle, Margot, dearest, don't put me away, when your words, your eyes, everything, confess your love for me," he cried. "Tell me only that all this about McPhail who is not worthy to tie your shoe, is a hideous dream. That you will come to me, spite of him, fulfilling our mutual destiny. While your poor father lay so ill, I would not have dared urge this upon you, but now he is better they tell me. I shall make his acquaintance, I can convince him of my fitness to win you and keep you for my own, Margot! Speak. Answer me. Tell me you have only been misled, misguided to do this cruel act to me and to yourself, and that you are mine, mine, mine."

For one brief moment she had answered his heart beats with her own and exultantly let him hold her close. Then violently, guiltily, she wrenched herself away. The love in his appeal had wrung her heart as it had never been wrung before; she was bewildered with her unwonted passion; she felt like a leaf of autumn caught up and whirling in a resistless hurricane. Yet above and throughout this fierce ordeal to poor humanity, arose an image of the still form in the shaded chamber depending upon her for its slender hold on life; and she was enabled to stand firm by the promptings of her spirit.

Stelvio, realizing this check, felt a chill as of death fall upon his heart. Into her face came a look that boded him no good. She tried to speak, but failed. Neither could he speak, and they stood silently, desperately, looking into each other's eyes till Margot regained her voice.

"Look over there!" she said somberly, pointing to a glimpse of the mansion and gardens seen through an opening between verdant oak boughs. "You don't know, perhaps, that not one inch of this land, one brick of the old house, nothing out or inside of it, is ours? Yet it is giving refuge to my poor father and mother, to all of us—and it is I who must pay the price."

Presently, she resumed:

"Is it shameful to tell you this? If so, you must forgiv me, for I could think of noting to say to you but the truth. Even if things were different with you, it has gone too far for me to draw back. Nothing can help me now, but his refusing me, and that is not likely."

"Not likely, no!" and Stelvio's beautiful face was distorted by the angry snarl with which he said the words. "Do you mean that your father knows of and sanctions this damnable sacrifice?"

Margot's head fell forward, the lashes swept her cheek. She resented the sting of contempt in her lover's words.

"He knows nothing—since his attack came on he has been like a child in our hands."

"Then you have no right to impose upon him," cried Stelvio, hotly. "Do you think when he comes to himself he will relish or forgive what you frightened women have——"

"You shall not say that," she interrupted proudly. "I, only, am responsible for my action. I can tell you, though, that but for what I have done, my poor dear would not be living now."

"Margot, forgive me. I am a brute to torture you. But I felt that you being but a young girl are ignorant of life, that you are taking on yourself a fate as horrible and unnecessary as a Hindoo woman's suttee. God knows if I could save you from it without thought of myself and my own longing for you, I'd do so—but——"

"You can't, you can't!" she exclaimed mournfully. Even now she was sensible that the distance between them was widening. She saw that the inevitable was beginning to lay hold of and drag him down to submission.

"But we were happy, weren't we?" she went on, plaintively. "That little time in Como—how long it was in actual days and weeks, I have no idea. It makes no difference. We just drifted on and on amid the perfect beauty of earth and sky and water, and I never even knew I loved you till the night you sang for me at Countess Fleury's. You remember when you came out of the darkness on to the quay to put me in the boat? Something in the touch of your hand that night woke up in me a whole world of feeling no one else had ever made me know. And the walk in your garden—our talk in the Court of Hermes—it all seemed so right, so natural, as if we were born for it—and so distinctly beautiful. . . . . Afterwards, when you didn't come to Villa d'Este, it was as if something had roused me rudely from a lovely sleep. Up till then I had never thought of you as a foreigner, a person of whom I knew hardly anything, one of a different religion from my own. I hadn't in the least cared whether you were rich or poor. You were only you . . . . We went away to Venice, and I though I was seeing things as they were. I wrote you a farewell that I regretted a thousand times. You answered me accepting it as final, and my heart broke. I didn't want it to be final, really. Oh! I never want to hear you sing again! And when I found out about the Biberon, my heart ached."

He understood her. All his being thrilled in answer to these sweet avowals, but he made no further move to approach her. It was getting toward the hour when she was accustomed to relieve the nurse in sitting beside her father, and she told him so. He walked with her to the edge of the wood, refusing her invitation to visit her mother and share their evening meal. Across that threshold of McPhail's he could not have set a foot had he been faint or starving. Just before they passed out of the fringe of trees around the little knoll into the meadow path leading to the garden, Stelvio paused, holding out his hand. Margot laid hers in it, and they looked their last into each other's souls.

She stood where she was, gazing after him until Stelvio had crossed the orchard and vaulting over a fence, struck into the high road leading to the farmhouse where his motorman had found shelter and refreshment.

Then she could see him no more for bitter, blinding tears.

(To Be Continued.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A BIG MAN TOO SMALL FOR HIS JOB.

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 26 Is, "Saul Rejected by the Lord." I Sam. 15.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A few weeks ago it happened in New York; a few milleniums ago it happened in Palestine; so history is ever repeating the story of a strong man given a great opportunity and achieving—failure.

The New York incident, familiar to the newspaper readers of a continent, is quite analogous to the story of King Saul's tragic failure. A certain strong man, of good family, and towering head and shoulders above his fellows in ability, was called to a high municipal office in a time of crisis, amid the huzzas of an enthusiastic and admiring people. Throughout the land it was felt that here was the deliverer of New York City from corruption. Great power was in his hands, and public opinion supported him strongly. Yet a few weeks ago specific charges of malfeasance in office, neglect of duty, and unfitness for his position, were lodged with the governor against this man, so recently a popular idol. Whether the particular charges are true or not, the fact is indubitable that the municipal police has been a failure. Two or three years ago newspapers and magazines were lauding him as a possible president of the United States; now the same publications are talking about the reasons for his fall. And the lessons in this modern instance are practically the same as those in the case of the handsome, giant king of ancient Israel, who went down in disgrace because he did not measure up to his position.

Living In Front of a Mirror.

If I dared, I could print in this column the names of a dozen or a score of more or less well known men of promise who have come to naught for the same reason as Saul. They have been smitten with the dread and prevalent disease of ingrowing self-satisfaction. They have stood so long before the flattering mirror of egotism that they have grown great in their own eyes. Like Israel's first king, they are no longer little in their own eyes; they think of themselves more highly than they ought to think. In the picturesque language of the street, every such person is a "dead one."

This strapping big son of Kish had actually got to the point—and modern instances are within everybody's view—where he thought he could give the Lord Almighty points on running the world, and where he would dare speak with condescending approval of Jehovah. He not only chose to twist the divine commands to suit himself and assumed the role of priest and prophet, but he also dared to speak patronizingly to the Lord's hoary prophet Samuel. It would be a violation of confidence to use names, but I heard recently, at first hand, the story of how, in similar arrogant and insulting fashion, one of the most famous of the modern kings of finance treated an honored minister of the gospel. Unfortunately the minister in this case had not Samuel's fire and courage to rebuke with stinging words the offensive upstart. Saul had forgotten how little the biggest man is in Jehovah sight; and he had forgotten also the pre-eminent sacredness of the office of the messenger who comes bearing the word, "Thus saith the Lord." In offering sacrifice himself at Gilgal, and in failing to destroy Amalek, the way commanded, the vain and foolish king sealed his own fate.

Shall Amalek Live?

Our soft times have begotten a certain type of sentimentalists who invest all animate, and sometimes inanimate, nature with their own capacity for suffering; and so they bewail the decapitation of a chicken and weep over the skinning of an onion. These persons build asylums for homeless cats, and are too busy to bother about the grave social and economic evils which afflict humanity. The idea of capital punishment for criminals makes them hysterical. They shudder at the story of Amalek, and the divine command to extirpate these heathen who had harried God's people ever since they had left Egypt.

The incident does not make pretty reading. It occurred in rough times, when stern measures were necessary for the preservation of the nation which was to bear the torch of civilization and religion to uncounted generations. There is a place for the sword and for the gallows, even in these gospel-leavened times. For instance, that is a narrow and short-sighted spirit of mercy which would let the liquor traffic go unhindered because many persons get their living from it. Like the saloon, Amalek, persistent foe of human welfare, was to be rooted out utterly, and removed from the face of the earth. Society is really merciful, as well as just, when it inflicts capital punishment upon certain offenders. Another illustration is the case of Turkey; the pusillanimity of the great Powers of Europe, and their mistaken tolerance, has caused anguish that cries to heaven for vengeance. A large number of executions, and the completed overthrow of the Turkish government, would be the most humane and beneficent event that could occur in Europe today.

The Lust for Loot.

Saul, who was an Oriental, and entertained the ideas of his time, had no scruples about the justice of the command to destroy all the Amalekites. His temptation lay along the line of his vanity and selfishness. He spared Agog, the king, to adorn his triumphal chariot as a prisoner; and the lust for loot made him gather into his own camp the best of the sheep and oxen and other treasures of his conquered foe.

The incident is an early prototype of many modern reform experiences. Some citizens set out hot against the Amalek of political corruption, and they overthrow the evil power. But the sight of the loot is too much for them—the chance to secure office and honor and power and other personal advantage blinds them to their first duty. They win a victory over Agog; but they suffer a defeat in their own characters.

Saul's head had been so completely turned that, upon Samuel's approach, he scarcely realized his offense. True, he indulged in lies as to the purpose of his spoil, declaring, coward fashion, that the people had gathered it, and, adding that he meant it for sacrifice. Falsehood's an easy sequence of disobedience and self-indulgence. Moreover, Saul exhibited that surest and saddest sign of moral decadence, inability to discern the culpability of his own misconduct. He really seems to have been unable to realize the heinousness of his disobedience. Pity, most of all, the person who has lost the sense of sin.

Witheringly, the sentence of doom came to Saul, piercing his pride and pretence, as the prophet cried (answering the excuse that the loot was to be used in worship; even as corruptly gained wealth is sometimes employed to endow universities and philanthropies), "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice!"

That is the word for the times. There is no substitute for obedience. To do what God commands is of far more importance than to build a church or build an orphan asylum. The Lord Jehovah cannot be bribed, even if everybody else can. Rejection from the estate of kingly honor is the fate of every one who will not yield obedience to his duty and to the King if kings. When, in everyday's newspaper, we read of modern Sauls going to smash, we should remember that "To obey is better than sacrifice," and that there is danger of disaster in ceasing to be little in one's own eyes.

Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will somebody please give formula for making kerosene emulsion?—C., Le Mars, Ia.

Would be pleased to have somebody tell me what to do for my peach trees. There is a bug that gets on them and eats through the bark to the wood and soon kills the trees. It is a little black fellow.—M., Levels, W. Va.

Will some reader tell how to rid pigs of scurvy, and also how to prevent it? —N., New Albany, Pa.

Will some Farmstead reader please give his experience with lime as a fertilizer for corn and other crops, when and how to apply, etc.?—M., Nellie, N. C.

Would like to have somebody give me the preventive of celery blight.—P., Sharpsville, Pa.

Will some one of the many readers of Farmstead tell me about guinea hens, their habits, what and how to feed them. Also as to whether there is any market for them or their eggs? Do lice bother them?—M., Cuba, N. Y.

I have a seven-year-old cow and she had a calf four weeks ago; soon after the calf was born one of her eyes started to swell and bulge out of her head; then the eye dried and formed a crust over the ball. Now the other eye starts the same way and she is getting poor. Will some reader of the Farmstead column tell what it is and give a cure?—F., Monterey, Ind.

THE WHEAT JOINTWORM.

Over several counties in southern Ohio the wheat jointworm, Isosoma tritici, has proved a most serious enemy to wheat this season, and there is good reason for expecting that the infested districts will suffer in similar manner next year and that the areas affected will be greatly extended. We do not yet know the exact extent of the present season's infection, and the Ohio experiment station (at Wooster) will appreciate any information from its correspondents that will assist in locating its boundaries. Some fields in the infested counties are not worth harvesting, and the best among them have suffered from 10 to 25% loss, while the great majority seem to have been cut down to from 40 to 75% of an average crop. The total loss for the state will amount to a large figure, just how large can, at present, be only a matter of conjecture. In many fields it is impossible to find a straw that is not infested.

The jointworm has been known as a wheat pest for 70 years and restricted localities have at times suffered severely for 3 or 4 successive years, but the present outbreak seems, from present knowledge, to be of greater extent than any previous one.

The adult insect is a small, 4-winged fly, about one-eighth of an inch long, belonging in the same order of insects as the wasps and ants. It appears in late April, May or early June, according to the latitude or the backwardness or forwardness of the season, and lays its eggs in the straw, generally selecting the uppermost joints that have appeared at the date of egg-laying. The young worms develop rapidly, each in a little cell within the straw. Often knots, swellings and twistings occur in the straw at the point of infestation, again there is little sign of the insect's presence except a slight discoloration or a little deviation of the fibers and grooves of the straw from their natural course. When the infested section is split with a knife it is found to be brittle and woody in character, and contains from 3 or 4 to 20 or more yellowish larvae, about one-eighth inch long when full grown. These larvae remain in the straw until the following spring, when they issue as adults and commence again the life cycle in the new crop. The damage is done by the worms cutting off the sap supply from the head, causing it to become shortened, containing comparatively few kernels, and such heads develop are apt to be small and shriveled from lack of nourishment. Also because of the brittleness of the straw, high winds are apt to break much of it down.

The following measures of control are suggested: Sow as little wheat as possible in the infested districts next year. Cut infested grain low, so as to leave as few larvae in the stubble as possible. Wherever practicable, burn over infested stubble this fall or plow it under deeply. Scatter no green manure, containing infested straw, on or near fields that are to be used for wheat. Sow all wheat as far as possible from wheat fields of the preceding season. Sow quite early, from one to three weeks earlier than is customary in your neighborhood, so the grain will be well along toward heading out before the eggs are laid next May. Hessian fly need cause no fear at the present time, hence, there is no reason for sowing late. The nearer the wheat is to heading when the eggs are laid, the better, since the heads will form and the kernels partially fill out before the sap current is materially interfered with. For the same reason fertilize rather heavily, using a mixture rich in phosphorus to secure a strong straw. Work the seed-bed into the best possible physical condition before seeding. Badly infested straw that is unused by the first of April should be burned. The broken bits of straw that run into the grain from the threshing machine should be separated out and burned. Districts that are only moderately infested the present year should observe the same precautions as the badly infested neighborhoods. Stubble fields that cannot be burned over in the fall may be harrowed over in the spring to break down the stubble, after which use a hayrake to collect them, then set on fire.—Ohio Experiment Station Bulletin.

CARE OF YOUNG CHICKENS.

The woman who owns an incubator, brooder and a brooder house has the essential beginning of a successful business. One should read poultry journals, but to make a success with poultry requires good common sense, and experience is worth more than what we read. Raising poultry is a business that requires attention and hard work. You cannot neglect your poultry and expect it to be a success financially.

Chickens from the large breeds should be hatched early, but leghorns and all small breeeds can be hatched in June or later. Keep them by themselves until they are three or four weeks old. Do not allow older chickens to run over them.

A great number of women on the farm must raise chickens the old way. They depend upon the old hen to hatch and raise them. The hens and little chickens are placed in coops and the coops should be inside the chicken park and should have board floors. Once a week the coops should be turned back and the floor scrubbed. The spray pump is fine for small coops. Spray them with kerosene emulsion or carbolic acid and water. A sprinkler can be used with good results. Use plenty of lime on the ground near the coops. An easy way to kill lice on little chickens is to make a strong tea of tobacco, take a soft cloth and wash the top of the head and under and on top of the wings. This has been used successfully with young turkeys.

Never give soft food to young chickens. Feed them prepared chick food until they are six or seven weeks old, then give them cracked corn and whole wheat. Steve your corn with a colander or sieve. The fine parts can be made into bread. Always give dry food and see that they have plenty of fresh water.

The chicken park should be 50x60 feet if not larger. The fence should be high enough that the hens cannot fly over. Use fine mesh wire at the bottom. Keep the park free from weeds. Sprinkle the ground with lime once or twice a week.

Young chickens should be kept in their coops until the ground is dry. Keep them in the park until they are full feathered, then I think they do best if allowed to run in the fields, but keep them in the park until the dew is entirely off the grass.

Every chicken park should have a scratching shed; 12x20 is a good size and the roof should slope one way. There should be windows in the south side and a door in each end. It does not need a floor, but should be filled in with six inches of earth. This shed is fine for rainy days and if a shower comes, call your chickens, feed them in the shed and shut the doors. They are safe and it is better than trying to get them into the small coops.

The chicken park and shed will be useful if you raise capons. The pullets can be removed to the regular poultry house and the capons fed by themselves in the park; then roosts must be put in one end of your shed. This arrangement is very conv

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

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RICE AS A MUSCLE-MAKER

Value of the Grain Decreased by the Polishing Process.

A recent editorial in the Lancet-Clinic is devoted to this interesting subject. It points out that the defeat of Russia by Japan drew the attention of the whole world to the power of endurance exhibited by the Japanese, and that much surprise was expressed that a rice-eating nation should develop such remarkable physical power. One of the factors to be taken into account, says the writer, is the frugal, abstemious habits of all Japanese families, but it is quite possible that rice plays a more important part in the matter than is generally realized.

In the United States as well as in Europe rice has usually been considered an inferior food, owing to the excess of starch in its composition, and this is undoubtedly true of the rice as we meet with it. But this defect in the grain is the result of the removal of nutrient matter for the purpose of making it presentable for the market by what is known as the "polishing" process. Not only is the outer husk taken off, but what is called the "rice meal," which envelopes the inner kernel, is also brushed away, although it is highly nutritious, being the albuminous portion of the grain. It is, however, an unattractive brown in color. This rice meal is exported to Europe by rice-growing countries, and in England it is made into what is named "oil cake," with which cattle are fattened. Chemical analysis of rice meal shows that it contains about 12 1-2 per cent of albuminoids and 4 1-2 per cent of phosphoric acid, and the former appears to be easily digested and utilized by the human system.

As the Japanese, in common with other rice-eating nations, do not "polish" the grain, except for export, they retain a large proportion of nutriment and flavor to which virtually all Americans and Europeans are absolute strangers.

It is remarkable that the most highly civilized nations are willing to sacrifice nourishment to appearance when all the facts are quite well known. White rice, no doubt, looks nice because we are accustomed to its delicate appearance. Being purely carbohydrate (starch), it is not a muscle builder. When eaten in its natural condition, that is, without being "polished," rice is a food that will build up the body and will create force and energy as well. Had the Japanese "polished" their rice, without substituting other albuminous food, there can be no doubt that the Russians would have defeated them, because men cannot thrive upon starchy foods which contain no albumen to repair the waste caused by the very act of living, and by daily work.

Man's efforts to improve upon nature's product by removing the most valuable part of the rice grains must be regarded as a serious error.—American Medicine.

OAK TREES IN CHINA BOWLS

London Answers.

In the window of the West End florist stood some quaint china bowls, in each of which grew a tree—not a shrub, but a full-sized tree, dating back many years.

"Yes," replied the florist to the writer's inquiry, "they are real trees—oaks, maples, and beech trees.

"We get them from Japan, where the secret of how to rear them is known only to a few. They are raised from seeds, or specially selected cuttings, which are watched and tended with that marvelous patience inherent in the eastern races.

"Fifty years may pass before the tree is considered salable. During this period the plant is trained, and its natural tendencies subjugated to the will of the rearer.

"The gardener prunes and trains, and rears and directs with what Carlyle called genius—'an infinite capacity for taking pains.' A wayward twig may be bound up for two or three years to insure its correct growth.

"Everything is done to concentrate the life of the tree in the smallest possible space. And in time, after years of labor, the plant loses its ability to send out long, lusty shoots, and becomes a delightful miniature of its larger brethren."

A MILITANT CHURCH.

The Riddarholms Kyrka, or Island Church of the Knights, in which the body of King Oscar rested for a time, is unique in this respect, that it probably contains more military trophies—standards, kettledrums, etc.—than decorate any other church in Christendom. Many of these trophies bear testimony to the prowess of Charles XII, the hero of Voltaire, but most of them are evidence of the victories of the great Gustavus, the idol of Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty and of the 20,000 other Scotsmen who fought and conquered under the banners of the Lion of the North. Many of the trophies in the Riddarholms Kyrka were captured by Hepburn's Green Brigade. Opposite the Riddarholms Kyrka is the House of the Nobility—a sort of Swedish College of Arms—where the tourist may turn over a volume like the Bibles chained to the lecterns of our middle age churches, recording the names and titles of all the peerage of the realm. And among those names will be found such patronymics as Hamilton, Douglas, Leslie, Colquhoun and others belonging to descendants of the Scottish soldiers of fortune who served Gustavus in the thirty years' war. It is curious that Norway—the cradle of the founders of the feudal system in France and England—never produced a native nobility like that of Sweden.—London Chronicle.

SQUIRREL WHISKY.

Sir Thomas Dear told an amusing story at the opening of Dewar house recently concerning a liquid which he sampled in the prohibition state of Maine, U. S. A., says the London Globe.

When he asked what it was made of he was told that the blender took a gallon of wood alcohol, put a thimbleful of glycerine in it to mellow it, then ground down some plug tobacco and strained it through a cheese cloth to give it a flavor, and united the whole with a gallon of water. It was called "Squirrel whisky," because those who drank it talked nutty and climbed trees."

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

BUFFALO BILL.

Will the Question Bureau please give a sketch of William F. Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, the Indian fighter and government scout? When did he die?—V. O., Perrysville, O.

Buffalo Bill is not dead; on the contrary, he is still very much alive. His home is at Cody, Big Horn county, Wyo., where he resides when not on the road with his show.

William Frederick Cody was born in Iowa in 1845. His father was one of the early pioneers of Kansas. He formed one of the company who laid out the city of Leavenworth, and took an active part in making Kansas a free state. He was stabbed at an exciting political meeting. After this he was obliged to flee from his home and family, sheltering himself where he could. He finally died from exposure, in 1857. At this time Russell, Majors & Waddell were employed by the government in carrying stores across the plains, and young Cody hired out to them, and in their employ was obliged to visit every military fort and post west of the Missouri river. He became a favorite among the plainsmen and soldiers, and it was during this period that he had his first experience of Indian fighting, having, it is said, shot and killed an Indian when he was only 11 years of age. In 1861 he was called home to the bedside of his sick mother. She died during his visit and, as the civil war had then begun, young Cody had some record as a frontiersman, he was employed as an Indian scout and served to the close of the war with the Seventh Kansas cavalry. He had become a dead shot with the rifle, and after the close of the war he entered the employ of Shoemaker, Miller & Co., constructors of the Kansas Pacific railway. He entered into a contract with the company for a monthly compensation of $500, to supply their force of laborers with buffalo meat and in eighteen months he killed 4,280 buffaloes, on which account he received the title of "Buffalo Bill." In the spring of 1868 he re-entered army life and was appointed by Gen. Sheridan chief of scouts for the department of the Missouri and the Platte. He was scout and guide for the Fifth cavalry against the Sioux and Cheyennes. He then served with the Canadian river expedition in 1868-69, and continued to act in the capacity of scout until 1872, making his headquarters at Fort McPherson, Neb. It was at this time that he was elected representative from the Twenty-sixth district of Nebraska in the state legislature. After his term of office expired Cody was offered the position of guide for the Russian Grand Duke Alexis and his party, who were going out on the plains on a hunting expedition. He accepted the offer and piloted their entire party through their excursion, bringing them back without a single accident and loaded with game. He was richly rewarded.

In 1876 the Sioux war was begun, and Cody, who had at this time first started in his theatrical experience with a company of Indians and scouts, disbanded them, joined the Fifth cavalry and in the battle of Indian Creek, in a hand-to-hand fight, killed Yellow Hand, a Cheyenne chief. After the Indian war was over he again turned his attention to the show business and produced what is known as the Wild West, which became a great success in both America and Europe.

MANUFACTURING ICE.

Can ice be manufactured on a small scale and at little expense, so that a farmer could make what he needed for his own use?—B. B., Falls Mills, Va.

Machinery for manufacturing ice, such as is in present use, is expensive. The Technical World, however, makes the announcement that a Frenchman has apparently solved the problem of producing ice in small quantities, cheaply and quickly. He has perfected a machine which is cheap, simple of operation, practically everlasting. It may be operated by a belt connected with a steam engine, by a small electric motor, or by hand cranks. It may readily be seen that even this method would involve a greater expense than the average farmer would care to go to have home manufactured ice.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

Will the Question Bureau print the electoral vote of each state?—L. L., Trundles Crossroads, Tenn.

The electoral vote of the states in 1908 as based upon the apportionment act of 1900 will be as follows: Alabama, 11; Arkansas, 9; California, 10; Colorado, 5; Connecticut, 7; Delaware, 3; Florida, 5; Georgia, 13; Idaho, 3; Illinois, 27; Indiana, 15; Iowa, 13; Kansas, 10; Kentucky, 13; Louisiana, 9; Maine, 6; Maryland, 8; Massachusetts, 16; Michigan, 14; Minnesota, 11; Mississippi, 10; Missouri, 18; Montana, 3; Nebraska, 8; Nevada, 3; New Hampshire, 4; New Jersey, 12; New York, 39; North Carolina, 12; North Dakota, 4; Ohio, 23; Oklahoma, 7; Oregon, 4; Pennsylvania, 34; Rhode Island, 4; South Carolina, 9; South Dakota, 4; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 18; Utah, 3; Vermont, 4; Virginia, 12; Washington, 5; West Virginia, 7; Wisconsin, 13; Wyoming, 3; total, 483; necessary to a choice, 242.

THE MUGWUMPS.

Will the Question Bureau kindly tell something concerning the Mugwumps?—E. E., Hendrysburg, O.

The word "Mugwump" is said to be derived from the language of the Algonquin Indians, among whom it meant a chief or person of importance. It came to be applied derisively to persons who exaggerated their wisdom and importance, and during the presidential campaign of 1884 it was used to designate those Republicans that refused to support Blaine, the candidate of their party. The name was adopted by these independents, who lost sight of the reproach it had intended to convey.

ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

Will you kindly give a description of the Acropolis of Athens through the columns of the Question Bureau?—C. L. J., Swanton, O.

An acropolis is the high part of an ancient Greek city, usually with an eminence overlooking the city. However, the name is now chiefly applied to the Acropolis of Athens. It is built upon a separate spur or butte. The hill rises out of the plain, a mass of rock about 260 feet high, with precipitous sides save for a narrow access at the western end, where there was a zigzag road for chariots. The summit of this rock forms an uneven plain 500 by 1,150 feet at the maximum breadth and length. Within this area were reared, chiefly in the days of Pericles, remarkable specimens of architectural art. The buildings were grouped around two principal temples, the Parthenon and the Erechtheum. Between these temples stood the statue of Athene Promachos. About these centerpieces, covering the rocky height and extending down the steep sides, were lesser temples, statues, theatres, fanes and odea (music halls.) Among the famous buildings on the sides of the acropolis were the Dionysiac theatre, the Odeum of Pericles, and the Odeum.

The ravages of accident and war and Athenian marble merchants, and in case of the Parthenon, its deliberate dismantling by Lord Elgin early in the 19th century, have largely destroyed and despoiled these works.

THE VIRGINIA DEBT.

Will the Question Bureau please publish something about the Virginia debt question?—R. H. W., Huntington, W. Va.

Soon after Virginia re-entered the Union there was trouble with legislation respecting the state debt. By a bill passed in 1871 two-thirds of the debt of Virginia was funded into bonds, the coupons of said bonds to be held receivable in payment for taxes assessed. The remaining one-third was held to be the suitable share of West Virginia, though the latter state refused to admit such obligations. In 1872 the Virginia state legislature repealed the tax-coupon arrangement of the law, but the courts decided that the state was under obligation to receive the bonds, even should the treasury, thereby be kept bankrupt. At the time $17,000,000 in such bonds had been funded. Attempts toward a compromise were made, and conflicts between state and federal courts were frequent. In 1891-2 a settlement was finally reached. The bondholders received for bonds and coupons amounting to $23,000,000 the sum of $19,000,000 in new century bonds.

JOS. SMITH AND MORMONISM.

Will the Question Bureau give a sketch of Joseph Smith and tell something about the faith of the Mormons? I have recently seen this subject treated in the bureau, but the answer did not give me just what I desire.—M. F. H., Lonerock, Ark.

Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormons, was born in Sharon, Vermont, December, 1806. In his youth his parents moved to Palmyra, N. Y., and he commenced his public career in the vicinity of that place. He never enjoyed the benefit of much education; to "read, write and cypher" was the extent of his scholastic attainments. He pretended that in September, 1823, he was favored with a divine vision, in which he saw a light, brighter than the noon-day sun, that an angel from heaven stood before him in person, who informed him he was chosen by Christ to proclaim a new religion, an improvement upon the old Christianity; that the end of the world, the latter day glory was approaching, of which he (Smith) was appointed to be the herald and the forerunner. He was also informed that certain golden plates, containing a new revelation, and a record of the history of the Aborigines of this continent, were buried at a certain place under ground; and he was commissioned to obtain, read and interpret them, and proclaim their contents to the world. It is pretended that these plates contained the Book of Mormons, which has since become well known. Smith began to give himself out, after this, as a teacher sent from God. His immediate relatives and friends were those to whom he first preached; and after some time and labor he succeeded in converting five of them to his creed. The first organization of a Mormon church took place in April, 1830, at Manchester, N. Y. The translation of the contents of the golden plates, which were written in an unknown and mysterious language, Smith professed to accomplish by means of the "Urim and Thummim," the keys of light and knowledge which were miraculously imparted to him. The opponents of the Mormons, however, assert that the book of Mormon is nothing more than a religious history, or romance, written by a person named Solomon Spaulding, who was a graduate of Dartmouth college, and became a clergyman, who afterwards relinquished the profession and entered into commercial pursuits. Having removed to Ohio, he conceived the idea of writing such a work, and he spent three years in its execution. Two of the principal personages in the story are the Mormon and Morani, and from the former of these the book is named. In 1812 Spaulding brought the manuscript to Pittsburg and offered it to a bookseller for the purpose of publication. Before the matter could be arranged, Spaulding died, and the work remained in the possession of the bookseller, who paid no further attention to it. After his death in 1826, Sidney Rigdon obtained the manuscript and whose means it came under the inspection of Joseph Smith. From it Smith conceived the idea of founding a new sect on the basis of the new revelation which this book was supposed to contain. The book of Mormon is an imaginary history of the American Indian, who, it is tried to show, are the descendants of the ten lost tribes of the Jews. It gives a detailed account of their journey both by land and sea, till they arrive in America under the guidance of Nephi and Lehi. The identity of these two works was proved by the assertions, under oath, of several respectable persons who had heard Spaulding read portions of his manuscript, and who readily discovered that a perfect sameness pervaded them. Yet the book answered the purpose of Smith admirably. The work was written in an antique style, was filled with oriental allusions, and was singularly adapted to answer the prepossessions of the prophet subsequently appropriated it. In 1830 Smith obtained a printing outfit and started a Mormon organ in Jackson county, Missouri. At this time the followers amounted to several hundreds, but again the sect was surrounded by persecution, as they called it, and serious charges made against their morals. The people arose in a mob, put down digniation meetings and held some of the Mormons were tarred and feathered, and the whole community was given orders to leave. They went into Clay county, where for a time they obtained a precarious resting place, and remained there four years. They were driven out of this place and went to Nauvoo, Ill., where they erected a temple in 1841. In the course of several years the Mormons erected 2,000 houses, public schools and buildings, and established a paper called the Times and Seasons. They soon increased in wealth and obtained many converts from the lower classes. Sidney Rigdon at this day supported the doctrine of a plurality of wives, but it is justice to Joseph Smith to say that he was opposed to this. Rigdon was expelled, but many converts followed him. Smith and his followers refused to obey the laws of Illinois, and a scism was formed in both branches. The public opinion in Illinois was increasing against them, and Smith and his followers made matters worse by attacking and wrecking an anti-Mormon newspaper. Smith was arrested, and while in jail was mobbed and shot. Brigham Young then succeeded in being chosen to the presidency of the sect. In January, 1846, the Mormons were driven out of Illinois into Great Salt Lake valley, 4,000 in number, and reached their new home in 1847. They believe in the Trinity; they deny that men will be punished in any way for Adam's sin or that they fell in consequence of Adam's transgression; they believe that Christ's atonement will save all mankind; faith, repentance and baptism by immersion are the ordinances of the church. They hold that the scripture is inspired, but that the book of Mormon is equally so; and that Christ will reign on earth a thousand years, and that His headquarters will be with the Mormon saints and that when He comes there will be a new heaven and a new earth. The most remarkable feature of the Mormon creed is their "spiritual wife" doctrine. This theory is based on the idea that the future kingdom of the saints is to consist solely of their own posterity, and hence the more children a "saint" has, the more heirs of glory are created; and that women may become heirs of glory also, by becoming "sealed" to a saint and entering paradise with him. This spiritual solution, however, always involves the usual incidents which accompany ordinary marriage.

DUELS IN AMERICA.

Will the Question Bureau tell us something about duels and dueling in America?—J. H. T., Magdalena, N. M.

Previous to 1855 a number of duels were fought in America. George Washington was a firm opponent of the practice of fighting duels, but despite the influence of his opposition American statesmen and officers of rank were forced to fight duels. Alexander Hamilton, who maintained intimate relations with Washington, was killed in a duel. Challenged by Aaron Burr, who apparently was determined to fix a quarrel on his lifelong enemy, he met him on July 11, 1804, on the banks of the Hudson, at Weehawken, and fell mortally wounded at the first fire. In 1777 General McIntosh mortally wounded his political opponent, Button Gwinett, who used his official authority while governor to persecute McIntosh and several members of his family. The year 1778 saw two famous duels, one in which Cadwalader challenged the most outspoken plotter of a combination against Washington—Thomas Conway—shooting his antagonist in the mouth, but himself being unhurt. Colonel John Laurens, Washington's aide-de-camp, soon after the battle of Monmouth shot General Lee in the arm in a duel for disrespectful language to his commander. One of the most famous duelists was General Jackson, later President of the United States. In 1795 he fought a duel with Avery, an opposing counsel, over some hasty words that had passed in the court room. Next year he quarreled with John Seiver, governor of Tennessee, and came near shooting him "at sight." Seiver had alluded to the circumstances of his marriage. Ten years afterward, for a similar offense, though complicated with other matters in the course of a long and silly quarrel, he fought a duel with Charles Dickinson. Dickinson was killed, and Jackson received a wound from the effects of which he never recovered. Late in 1812 he had an affray with Colonel Thomas Benton, growing out of an unusually silly duel in which Jackson had been second to the antagonist of Benton's brother. In a tavern at Nashville Jackson undertook to horsewhip Benton, and in the scuffle the latter was pitched downstairs, while Jackson got a bullet in his left shoulder, which he carried for more than 20 years. Colonel Benton, who in 1815 established a newspaper called The Missouri Inquirer, at St. Louis, became involved in several duels, in one of which he killed his opponent, a Mr. Lucas. In 1819 ex-Senator Armistead Thomas Mason fought a duel with his brother-in-law, M. McCarthy, which resulted in the death of the former at the age of 32 years. The quarrel was an exceedingly violent one, and Mason insisted that his opponent should fight, while McCarthy did all in his power to avoid a meeting. At first it was proposed that muskets, charged with buckshot, should be used, and the distance fixed at twelve feet. This was finally increased to six paces, and a single ball was substituted for buckshot. Colonel Mason fell at the first fire and died before he could be removed from the field (February 6, 1819). A duel without bloodshed was fought between Henry Clay and John Randolph. In the course of one of the debates on the Panama congress Randolph denounced the administration, alluding to Adams and Clay as "a combination of Puritan and blackleg." Clay therefore challenged Randolph to a duel, which was fought on April 8, 1826, with harmless result. One of the latest duels with fatal results was that fought between Jonathan Cilley and William J. Graves. The affair originated in a speech delivered by Mr. Cilley in the house of representatives, in which he criticised a charge of corruption brought against some unmarried congressmen in a letter published in The New York Courier and Enquirer over the signature of "A Spy in Washington," and approved in the editorial columns of that paper. The editor, General James Watson Webb, at once went to Washington and sent a challenge to Mr. Cilley by Mr. Graves, but the former declined to receive any hostile communication from Mr. Graves on the ground that he had made no reflections on the personal character of General Webb. Mr. Graves then himself challenged Mr. Cilley, and the challenge was accepted. Rifles were the weapons used, and on the third fire Mr. Cilley fell, shot through the body, and died instantly (Bladensburg, Md., February 24, 1838). Even Lincoln came near fighting a duel, which is the more remarkable in view of the fact that since 1820 no duels had occurred in Illinois. The victor of the last duel, in 1820, had simply been dealt with as a murderer; a jury had found him guilty, and he was hanged by the sheriff. From that date on dueling went out of fashion in Illinois. Lincoln nevertheless accepted the challenge of a Mr. Shields, who thought himself offended by a poem published anonymously. The poem had been composed by Mr. Lincoln's later wife, Miss Mary Todd, and Lincoln could not but assume the responsibility. Thereupon Shields sent his challenge to a duel with calvary sabers. When, however, Shields was to meet the giant Lincoln he became frightened, and upon advice he readily agreed to consider the affair settled.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Will the Question Bureau please give a sketch of Edgar Allan Poe?—C. H. M., Attica, O.

Edgar Allan Poe was born at Boston, Mass., January 19, 1809. His mother was an actress of note and his father also earned his living on the stage. The theatre in which his parents were playing burned and Mr. and Mrs. Poe narrowly escaped with their lives, only to die very soon. In 1811, the year of his mother's death, Poe was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy Virginian. Poe was known throughout his boyhood as Edgar Allan. It was believed that he would inherit a considerable fortune from Mr. Allan. Poe displayed unusual precocity at a very early age. Before he could read well he could declaim with good expression. His disposition was kindly and his manners refined.

In 1816 he was sent to England to attend school. He was a good scholar but a liberal allowance of pocket money often got him into mischief. Five years later he returned to the United States and the following year went to school in Richmond, Virginia. He ranked high in athletics and scholarship. In 1826 Poe entered the University of Virginia, but left in the same year. "Tamerlane and Other Poems" was published the following year. After a visit to Europe he entered West Point in 1830. The discipline there was too much for him and after an ineffective appeal to Mr. Allan to withdraw him, he broke one of the rules and was dismissed. He began writing poems in order to make a living, receiving cash prizes for several of these. His work was so good that he got a position as editor of the Southern Literary Messenger in 1835. The following year he married his cousin, Virginia Clemm. Resigning his position, he went to New York to live, where he published in 1838 "Arthur Gordon Pym." Then he moved to Philadelphia where he accepted a position as editor of the Gentleman's magazine. The "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" and the "Conchologist's First Book" were published in 1840. He accepted many positions on the different magazines throughout the country, but failed to hold any of them a very long time. Some of his stories and poems that were published are "The Gold Bug" in 1843, the "Tales" and "The Raven," in 1845.

Poe moved to Fordham where his wife died in 1847. The cottage in which he lived was old and very poorly furnished. Mourning the loss of his wife, he tried to earn a living. He published "Eureka" in 1848. During this year he gave several lectures. The following year he left for the south, where he died in poverty. His death was earlier than most of the literary men of his time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. P., Williston, N. Dak.: The national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held in Toledo during the week beginning August 31.

E. F. H., Marseilles, Ill.: You may, by writing to the United States consul, Charles S. Wilson, at Buenos Ayres, Argentine republic, get the information you desire.

L. B., Jasonville, Ind.: The yacht Mayflower belongs to the government, but is designated as "the President's yacht."

J. J., Eagle Lake, Minn.: We cannot give you a biographical sketch of W. J. Braun, of iconoclast notoriety. He is dead.

J. D. B., Murphy, N. C.: We can tell you of no school that would help you out.

H. C., Prosper Station, Tenn.: In order to have your book published you must submit your manuscript to some publisher with postage for return in case it does not prove available. It depends upon the book if it is not regarded as worth publishing you must pay for putting it in book form. We cannot direct you to a publisher.

FOR GROWING GIRLS.

It is easier for a girl of the growing age to injure herself by exercise, than for the mature woman. The bones are not thoroughly hardened, there are changes taking place in the anatomy, the body has not become settled, it is growing, expanding, developing and strength is absorbed in the process. For these reasons a girl should learn to exercise properly, if she is to derive benefit. I know of one sensible mother who, as soon as her child was able to stand alone, taught here to use simple culture exercises on rising and retiring. First, it was a simple motion of the hands over the head, then came swinging of the legs, hitting out from the body, lying on the floor and kicking the air. At six the child could fill a bath with elaborate exercises and not feel the strain. To see the tiny body, filled with the unconscious grace of babyhood, go through the exercises and consider it as much of a routine as she did taking her bath, having her hair combed or brushing her teeth, was a delight. Other exercises were added as she grew, and this girl at 18 would never think of dressing or preparing for bed without her beauty culture helps. She can undertake in school what many of her companions cannot, for ever since babyhood she has been cultivating what aids in the making of health. She is well developed, stands erect with chest expanded, and has good lung capacity.

A girl should be taught that she has a right to good health and to its attainment. While it is true, that the absence of thought of the body may mean good health, for it is usually when we become conscious of the possession of any organ that we discover something the matter, still a girl should understand that it is due herself and others that she take every means to keep in good physical condition. If the basis of good health is neglected before 20 there are many chances that it will be for the remainder of life. Even if the girl at length realizes that she has been neglectful of herself, and starts in to correct defects, valuable time has been lost that might have been improved, if only the girl early in life had been taught a few simple hygienic rules.—From an article in Vogue.

A PHILOSOPHER.

Some time ago there was a flood in western Pennsylvania. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of his house as it floated along when a boat approached.

"Hello, John!"

"Hello, Dave!"

"Are your fowls all washed away, John?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man.

"Apple trees gone?"

"Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the flood's away above your window."

"That's all right, Dave. Them winders needed washin', anyhow."

A Plain Woman

BY

ELIZABETH AYRES

"Well, now, you'll be sure to come to the club meeting tomorrow afternoon. We shall all expect you, and do be prepared to play a piece," Amanda urged.

Half an hour before, she had come to welcome Elinor home. Though she declared she had just run in for a second and barely had time to sit down, still she lingered on the doorstep, as women have a way of doing, prolonging her visit for several moments after her house-call was ended.

"Yes, I'll come, and I'll play, if they wish me to," Elinor assured her, smiling pleasantly at her voluble visitor.

Amanda, heavy, and short of breath, to show her appreciation, climbed back up the few steps she had descended, to embrace Elinor and to exclaim, "You're just the same as when we were girls twenty years ago, and we cried when you went away. And now to think you are rich and famous and beautiful. Why, Elinor, you don't look a mite older than you did then, not a mite!"

Amanda finally managed to tear herself away. Elinor closed the front door, when her friend was at a sufficient distance to make its closing in accord with the code of etiquette which prevailed in the town. She went back to the library, where she had been sitting with her brother, when their visitor interrupted their conversation.

Elinor's brother was much her elder, and they, the last of their line, had elected to go their separate ways when Elinor was sixteen and her love for music sent her abroad to study it professionally.

They belonged to one of Kentville's oldest families, as the age of a family is reckoned in this country. The ancestral home was more than seventy-five years old, and since it was built it had been kept in repair, without being remodelled. Upon her return Elinor found it looking much the same as when she had left it. Her brother, too, seemed unchanged. Like the house, he had the appearance of being carefully preserved. He had never seemed young since Elinor could remember. There always had been a dignified aloofness about him, which, in the old days, had the effect of repressing Elinor's youthful enthusiasm. She, herself, was no longer filled with those vital and exquisite anticipations of happiness in the future that are the distinguishing characteristics of youth, but, sitting by her brother's side, she felt he was ages old, while she was still a child, and yet, her experiences in the world far exceeded his in number and variety. Her brother's voice aroused her from these thoughts.

"You are a very beautiful and successful woman, Elinor," he observed. "Are you satisfied with what the years have brought you? Your fame, your money, and all the rest of it?"

"Why, yes, I think so," Elinor returned, slowly. "I've had twenty years of life filled with events greater than those which come to most women."

"And now you've come home to cause a flutter among these women," he went on, accompanying his reference to "these women" with a wave of his long, white hand, as if he were brushing away some annoying insect.

"By the way, Elinor," he questioned, "why did you come?"

"I think it was because I wanted to see those I knew in my childhood," Elinor explained.

"Was it a matter of seeking a new experience?" her brother inquired, dryly.

"No, it was sentiment," Elinor returned.

"Ah, yes, I see," her brother commented, holding his fingers tip to tip, and forming a tent of his hands.

The tears rose to Elinor's eyes. With her brother, sentiment was impossible. He gave her a sort of grudging admiration which her success compelled, but how would it have been if she had come home poor and unknown, Elinor wondered.

Kentville had not made any noticeable growth during her absence. Society had changed. Marriage and money had reversed the order of things. Those who were most prominent when Elinor returned, where not of recognized social position when she had gone away. Still, most of the women who would assemble to meet her on the morrow, were those she had known in her girlhood. She was actually feeling nervous and depressed about going among them. She, who had swayed thousands with the wonder of her music, was nervous at the thought of appearing before a few women whose lives had been, for the most part, spent within Kentville's limits. Elinor realized that they would measure her by what she was in the past, which, in a small town, is the only standard for judging people who return after a long absence. Elinor was desirous that her old friends should begin with her exactly as she was and without backward glances, but she was conscious that this could not be expected.

Amanda, the faithful admirer of her girlhood, was the only one who had hastened to see her. The kindness in her round, eager face, offered Elinor a really sincere welcome, and because of this, Elinor was going to the Athenian club meeting.

In the morning, Amanda, who in spite of her generous proportions, was always rushing about, "rushed in" to tell Elinor she would not be able to call for her in the afternoon as previously arranged. "But I'll be there to meet you," she promised. "Anyway," she said, "you'll just be going among old friends who are simply dying to see you, and, of course, a professional like you is never afraid of people."

The Athenian club meeting was the most important, current society event. There was little else in the way of diversion in Kentville, save card parties and afternoon teas. The Athenian was the exclusive club in the town, and those who did not belong to its limited number, considered an invitation to one of its meetings as a sign of social favor.

Elinor expected to be early at the club, but the knowledge that she was to be a guest brought out a large attendance before the hour for calling the club to order.

In spite of Elinor's public career, she retained a childish shyness, and stood hesitating in the doorway, feeling an instant's timidity in facing this assembly of women, most of whom she had known in her girlhood. Her fame seemed to have set them apart from her, and she felt they were regarding her with appraising eyes. Her tall, slender, yet rounded figure, possessed a youthful grace to which the others, having acquired matronly proportions, had long since been strangers. Her Paris gown gave her a mundane charm which excited comments not entirely approving.

Amanda had not arrived, and she was relieved when the club hostess hurried forward to greet her. She was glad, too, of the screen the broad back of her hostess afforded while she led the way to a chair. The remoter groups of women had already begun their reminiscences and speculations.

"What do you suppose she's home for after staying away all these years," some whispered.

"Wasn't there some queer story about her—some love affair or something?" was another query.

Meantime, others more hospitably inclined, went forward to renew their acquaintance with Elinor. Her unpretentious, cordial manner was very winning, and there was an admiring group about her when Amanda bustled in, uttering profuse apologies for her tardiness.

The paper for the afternoon was on the Music of the Masters. Most of the information was gathered from the musical encyclopedia, which was a recent addition to the town library, and therefore the information the essayist imparted, was considered irrefutable and beyond discussion. The club was under the influence of encyclopedism, and gave respectful attention to the paper. The woman by whom it was written, read it in the manner of one who is sure of her ground. When it was finished, she sat down with a satisfied air that implied she was certain there was nothing further to be said on the subject.

Immediately after the conclusion of the paper, the president of the club arose and remarked that the guest of the day was a famous musician, as most of them knew, who had lived many years abroad, and might, perhaps, be induced to play for them, and to tell something which would prove of interest in connection with the very able paper to which they had listened. Amanda, who was seated near Elinor, touched her hand and whispered in a distinctly audible whisper, "please do."

A genteel patter of kid gloves, approved the president's remarks, and there was a flutter of anticipation when Elinor yielded to the invitation and stood up to speak.

Elinor, like all people of genius, was sensitive to atmospheric influences. The wall of personality seemed to arise between her and the club women, and at first, she spoke hesitatingly and in broken sentences, but she soon forgot her surroundings in her enthusiasm for her art, and from out the fullness of knowledge gained by personal experience, told her hearers of the happenings and great people in the world of music, that were not set down in the encyclopedia.

Her talk was received with varying degrees of appreciation and understanding. Her glowing phraseology was something to which none of the club was accustomed, and with most of them, anything that was different must be received with caution and careful consideration.

On the whole, Elinor's speech was a success, and when she sat down before the piano to illustrate with music her reference to one of the master composers, her genius and skilled fingers brought from the wooden-sounding upright, music of a kind it had never given out before.

It was then that Elinor had her triumph. The club members crowded around her with flattery and compliments. Elinor was accustomed to this sort of thing; she had heard it so often. What she wanted was the handclasp of old friendship renewed, the welcoming, "I'm so glad you've come home again."

It was only Amanda who seemed to comprehend this longing. She stood beside Elinor, with her arm around her waist, looking the love and admiration she felt. They walked home together, Elinor and Amanda. Amanda talked enthusiastically of Elinor's performance, and of how much it had been enjoyed. Her cheery voice lightened the weight of Elinor's depression.

"I'm a foolish woman, I know," Elinor confessed, "but I hoped they would be more as they were when we were girls together. That is what I wanted, Amanda, instead of formal compliments."

There was a pathetic little break in her voice which aroused the other's ready sympathy.

"Why, Elinor," she exclaimed, stopping in the street to give full vent to her feelings, "you must remember how many years you've stayed from home. They thought you were wonderful, but they couldn't connect you with the little harum-scarum girl you used to be. They were afraid to be too familiar. Wait awhile and you'll see," she said, significantly.

"I had thought of leaving here tomorrow," Elinor answered. "My visit has been so different from what I expected."

"Don't you do it, don't you do it! Stay and show them you're a human woman, even if you are a great musician!" Amanda urged excitedly. "Don't go away," she repeated. "You don't know how much I think of having you here!"

Elinor turned toward her impulsively. "You're a good girl, Amanda," she said, "I'll follow your advice and stay a while longer. You know people better than I who have lived so much in the clouds."

"Elinor," Amanda returned earnestly, "I'm just a plain woman, but I know human nature pretty well, and, though hearts may seem to grow crusty, they really don't change very much after all."

PENNSYLVANIA'S MANY VETERANS

Railroad Has 1,350 Active Employes in Service Forty Years or More.

Probably unique among the payrolls of the country is that of the Pennsylvania railroad, which, according to a compilation just completed, is shown to have 1,350 active employes who have been with the road forty years or more. In addition, 1,013 men served the company more than 40 years, but have retired from active work and are receiving pensions regularly from the company.

The census of the civil service of the United States showed on July 1, 1907, that those who had been in the service of the national government for more than fifty years numbered 40 men and one woman. On the other hand ,the Pennsylvania railroad records show that today there are upon the payrolls of the company 316 men who have been in its service more than 50 years.

This comparison is more interesting from the details as to the number of persons in the service of the United States government as compared to the number in the service of the Pennsylvania railroad for similar periods:

Years of Service.	Employes U. S.	Employes Pa. R. R.
69	0	1
62	0	4
60	1	5
59	0	2
58	3	13
57	2	11
56	2	24
55	7	29
54	3	39
53	3	42
52	5	45
51	7	49
50	8	51
Total.....	41	316

The ages of the veterans on the payrolls of these two large employers are as follows:

Age.	Payroll U. S. Govt.	Payroll Pa R. R.
90	0	1
89	0	3
88	0	10
87	1	4
86	0	9
85	1	10
84	1	13
83	0	13
82	2	18
81	3	27
75	2	85
71	2	100
Total.....	12	293

Of the employes of the Pennsylvania railroad in active service, 115 are 61 years of age; 118 are 64 years old; 114 are 67, and 105 are 69. Sixty-seven of the 85 principal officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad company started as beginners, and, with few exceptions, have been with it ever since. Their average age is 51 years, and the average length of service is 26 years.

William Durham, who, as a mule driver, entered the service of the Delaware & Raritan Canal in June, 1839, even before the Pennsylvania railroad was chartered, has been upon the payroll for the longest period. At the time of his retirement, he was a pilot on the floating equipment at Jersey City. The oldest employe is David B. Brice, who was born November 3, 1818. He was, before his retirement, on the Sunbury division.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1908.

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Circulation Last Week 202,000

Fill the dinner pail with fatted calf. The prodigal son, Prosperity, is returning.

Texas must be the real Land of Nod. A girl down there slept for three weeks.

By the time the year 1912 rolls round Mr. Bryan, no doubt, will have acquired considerable conservatism.

Dr. Osler has reached the age of sixty, but he hasn't as yet asked anybody to please pass the chloroform.

It is a sweetly solemn thought that 108 days hence the Houston Post will print the news of Bryan's defeat.

Mr. Bryan's campaign committee will accept no contributions over $10,000. Govern yourselves accordingly.

Before a man goes into politics he should hire someone to stay about the premises and do the chores.

Senator Platt says he doesn't care to live beyond ninety. Young men often talk that way at the age of seventy-five.

When introduced to General Prosperity don't embarrass him by asking: "Let's see, haven't I met you before?"

Most of the recipes for living to the age of a hundred or two hundred years appear no more appetizing than breakfast food.

"An Omaha judge has enjoined a woman from talking over the back fence." What in the world does he think a back fence is for?

The men who sit in the shade, looking for prosperity to come around and take off its hat to them are pretty sure to be disappointed.

When a mosquito starts in to bite you, hold your breath for a few seconds and then strike. You'll land him nine times out of ten.

Not being President of the United States Mr. Bryan cannot expect the whole country to have a deep heart interest in his alfalfa crop.

We have heard of "the man who looks like Taft," but after election we shall probably look in vain for the man who runs like Taft.

Mr. Bryan has been nominated so often that he will know just how to act when the committee arrives to tell him what happened at Denver.

People sometimes talk about a lack of freedom in this "land of the free," and yet there is no law to prevent anybody writing campaign poetry.

The committee that notifies Mr. Bryan of his nomination will not have to plead, with tears in their eyes, to get him to consent to accept.

There is a suspicion that most of the farmers of the country will be busy when Mr. Bryan's appeal for campaign contributions reaches them.

The airship is coming, but it will be some time before it can be relied upon to take us away and get us back in time to look after the evening chores.

Just to show that it was not absolutely necessary to go to Indiana for a vice presidential candidate, the Prohibitionists nominated an Ohio man.

In the years to come there may be some glory in it for the man who can say: "My great-great-grandfather ran for President of the United States on the Prohibition ticket."

If the dogs of this world ever get full control of things they may be expected to get sweet revenge by passing a law providing that men must wear muzzles during July and August.

If Bryan should be elected there will be a number of Democrats who will feel that he ought to give a postmastership as a premium with each year's subscription to the Commoner.

Dr. Wiley, the government's pure food expert, says that the divorce evil is attributable to dyspepsia. However, dyspepsia doesn't keep divorced persons from marrying again at the drop of the hat.

For the second time a judge has decided that there is no punishment under the law for the woman who goes through her husband's pockets. The worst thing that can happen her is to find them empty.

In Indiana, four days ago, a man and woman met for the first time at the court house as they were getting divorces from their respective partners. They fell in love, were married, and have been living happily ever since.

The Minneapolis Journal remarks: "The Toledo Blade states that Charles P. Taft is a half brother. Judging by his generous size, the secretary must be the other brother and a half. Wouldn't that make you laugh yourself sick?"

The Prohibitionists seem to have gotten over the idea that they must wear faces a foot long, simply because they are in earnest. There was considerable humor connected with the Columbus convention, not to mention Aunt Carrie Nation.

It has for a long time been the duty of lovers of accurate history to kill off the Bender family and bury J. Wilkes Booth every few months, so that it doesn't seem fair to pile on them the extra work of disposing of Mrs. Gunness' remains every two weeks.

A WISE CHOICE.

The opening of the Republican national campaign as well as the Ohio campaign will take place at Youngstown on September 5. The oratorical attractions will be James S. Sherman, Governor Hughes, Senator Beveridge and Governor Harris.

Youngstown is to be congratulated and so are the Republicans of Ohio and the nation. The place is well chosen. The Western Reserve remains true to Republicanism. It was at Warren, near Youngstown, in 1880, that the great meeting was held at which Grant spoke and at which time the tide was turned and resulted in making a president of James A. Garfield.

It was at Akron that the Ohio Republican campaign of 1893 was inaugurated which ended in the triumph for the second time of William McKinley as governor, and three years later from the front porch of the humble dwelling in Canton was conducted, in a large measure, the remarkable campaign which gave McKinley to the nation and prosperity to every section of the country.

Youngstown is one of a number of thriving cities in northeastern Ohio and the Mahoning valley is a hive of industry. It is a good place to start the campaigns of 1908 and we predict that the busy city which gave the state one of its war governors will do its full share in making the meeting a success.

ENCOURAGING NEWS.

In times of financial prosperity and in seasons of depression the country watches that great industrial section of which Pittsburg is the center. It is a barometer of business conditions. If the steel, iron, coal and other interests of that part of the country are prosperous it is safe to assume the whole country is doing better. If, on the contrary, the big mills are still and the workmen are idle, the outlook is not considered satisfactory.

All eyes are now on the Pittsburg district to note signs of a big business revival, and such signs are plentiful. The following paragraph from the Pittsburg Dispatch tells the story:

Prosperity is returning to Pittsburg. So many advance agents are in sight that manufacturers generally are preparing to face a flood of orders before the beginning of autumn. All are optimistic. Some more so than others. To the latter class belong industries which first felt the blow of receding business last fall, while those who are logically the last to recover have few words of encouragement, although they are doing better than at any other time since the first of the year.

This news comes direct from the factories and mills in and about Pittsburg, and represents almost every line of industrial endeavor. All agree the outlook is much better than for many months. It is a cheery note which will freshen the spirits of the whole country and quicken the pulse of trade.

Times are better and will continue to improve. They are better not only in Pittsburg, but throughout the country. They are better here in Toledo, and there will be an improvement throughout the summer, and when fall comes business will boom and the flurry of the past few months will be nothing more than a memory.

BRYAN'S HONOR ROLL.

We fear Mr. Bryan is having plutocratic tendencies. For some years, and for reasons which the public well understood, Mr. Bryan has protested against class distinctions. He talked loud, long and often about the sacred rights of the common people. It was his delight to attend dollar banquets, and he frowned on breaking bread at tables where plates sold at ten dollars each. At all times Mr. Bryan preserved Jeffersonian simplicity.

It is difficult to understand why it is that now Mr. Bryan and his advisers are creating classes, and in the Democratic party at that. They plan to have an "honor roll" to be made up of the names of all those patriotic Democrats who contribute $100 to the national campaign fund. The "common people" are shut out. The man who can give but ten or twenty, or fifty, or even ninety dollars, will not have his name on the "honor roll," and the party and country will never know that he contributed anything. But the man who gives $100 is to be advertised from one end of the country to the other.

Why this discrimination? Is this a sample of Jeffersonian simplicity? And to think that the plan should be approved by Mr. Bryan, the dollar dinner man, the great commoner! Another idol is shattered.

KERN AND INDIANA.

It is quite generally understood that the reason the Denver convention nominated John W. Kern for vice president is the hope that his popularity will deliver the electoral vote of Indiana to the Democratic candidates.

But is Kern strong in Indiana? Political history does not so declare. Kern is a twice defeated candidate for governor. Indiana is considered a state so doubtful that a popular candidate in either party has a chance of success at the polls. Kern was the Democratic nominee for governor in 1900 and was defeated by more than 25,000 votes. Four years ago he was again the candidate for governor and Hanly's plurality was 84,364. These figures do not indicate that Kern is popular at home, neither do they prove that Indiana is a pivotal state, as Democrats are trying to make the country believe.

Mr. Kern has succeeded in being solicitor of Indianapolis and serving in the state legislature. He has been unsuccessful in securing any higher office from those who best know him, although he has made the effort. What is there in his career to stimulate Democracy with the hope that he can carry Indiana on the national ticket?

THE SOUTH AND BRYAN.

It is no longer a question of what is the matter with Kansas, but what is the matter with the Democrats of the south. The Democracy of that section does not seem to be enthusiastic over the nomination of William Jennings Bryan. On the contrary southern Democrats are talking in a manner to indicate they do not care what happens to the Denver nominee.

Here is the News and Courier, of Charleston, South Carolina, a paper as strongly Democratic as the state in which it is published, and yet the News and Courier intimates that South Carolina does not care a whoop whether Bryan wins or goes down to another defeat.

Discussing the limitation of gifts to the Bryan campaign fund the News and Courier shows in the following that Palmetto state Democrats are not likely to make a rush to get their names on the honor roll:

We still fear, nothwithstanding our own resolute purpose to do tireless work for the election of Mr. Bryan, that the enthusiasm for him in this state is as thin as it is wide, and we are not sanguine that even $25,000 will be raised for his assistance. . . . Presuming that there are eighty thousand Bryanites in South Carolina, we dare predict that they will not contribute an aggregate of $4,000 to the election of Mr Bryan, which is to say that they do not care a glass of soda water or a 5-cent cigar each whether he be elected or not. "What the h—— do they care?"

Is not this distressing indifference? No swollen campaign contributions from that source. What does the Commoner think of such apathy, if so mild a word may be used?

And now comes "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, for many years a shining light on the Democratic side of congress; Allen, whose humor has made the whole country hold its sides; Allen, who never misses an opportunity to prod Republicans and glorify Democrats. Allen was asked the other day what he thought of Bryan's chances in November. He was reticent but on being pressed remarked: "In 1896 Bryan was nominated at Chicago. In 1900 he was nominated at Kansas City, and in 1908 at Denver. In 1912 I assume he will be nominated in San Francisco, in 1916 in Honolulu, and in 1920 in Manila. And I would like to call your attention to the fact that all the time he is getting a little farther away from the White House."

And this from one of the most prominent Democrats of one of the big states of the south!

But this is not all. That old, reliable Democratic paper, the Atlanta Constitution, is greatly troubled these halcyon July days. It is calling attention of all Georgia to the fact that under the laws of that state successful presidential electors must receive a majority of the votes cast in the state instead of a plurality as is required in other states. The Constitution says that this year Georgia may be confronted by the emergency of the Democratic electoral ticket not having a majority of all the votes cast and then it would be necessary to call an extra session of the general assembly to name presidential electors for the state.

If there is fear on the part of the Constitution that Bryan will not have a majority vote in the state of Georgia how ridiculous the Democratic talk of Bryan carrying anyone of the northern states!

What is the matter with the Democrats of the south?

BRYAN FACES CERTAIN DEFEAT.

What are Bryan's chances for election?

Opinion on this, as on every other public question, differs, yet it cannot be denied that many Republican leaders are badly frightened and have made open prophecy that Mr. Bryan will come nearer a victory than in his two previous contests. Perhaps if they were to confide their candid private opinion they might even concede Bryan's election.

They assign various reasons for their belief in his greater popularity. One man says he will get a big colored vote, another that he has labor with him, while a third generalizes on Mr. Bryan's all-around improvement as a politician and the fact (which is only assumption after all) that his party is more united than it was either in 1896 or in 1900.

The Blade has discovered nothing in the arguments so far advanced to encourage this opinion.

If Mr. Bryan gets a larger per cent of the colored vote than is usually cast for the Democratic ticket then all political discussion is useless. No negro can consistently vote against Taft on account of Brownsville. As secretary of war it was his duty to obey the President's orders. Before doing so, he entered a protest. No man could have done more under the circumstances. Few would have done as much. Democratic congressmen and senators upheld the President. Bryan himself has indorsed southern disfranchisement of the negro. The attitude of his party has been so uncompromising that Mr. Bryan did not seriously entertain Henry Waterson's suggestion that a bid be made in the platform for the negro vote.

When it comes to the labor vote, neither party granted Gompers all that he asked. Both went further than they should, for after you eliminate the politicians, the business agents and the other officials whom labor supports, the rest are not asking special privilege for themselves while denying it to others. What labor wants is a square deal. This it has received under the present administration and this it is guaranteed by the Republican platform. The only essential difference between the parties in this respect is that the party in power has performed that which the party seeking to get in power promises. Besides, the Gompers brand of labor politics is Socialistic or Democratic, rarely Republican. Whatever strength the Taft ticket receives from that source is clear gain. In the campaign for the straightout labor vote no valid argument has been, or can be, advanced why the Taft ticket should not hold its own.

We rather suspect that the present apprehension of Bryan's strength will disappear in a week's time. It has been several weeks accumulating. He has not been engaged in a struggle with a Republican opponent, but in a contest in his own party. Stronger than any other candidate, he has been more in the public mind. That of itself would lead to a false conception of his strength before the people

From now on, candidates and platforms of the two great parties will be contrasted. Both Taft and Bryan are strong in their personality. Taft is the better known for what he has done; Bryan for what he has said he would do. Everybody believes that Taft will, in a general way, pursue the policies that he has helped formulate. On questions touching the public interest his record has been consistent. Bryan's utterances mark him as one who will be guided by political expediency. He offers no assurance on the bimetallic standard. Only a short time ago, he declared that the principle of the divine ratio still lives, although he would not make it an issue this year because conditions had changed; the mining of an extraordinary amount of gold had relieved the country of the immediate necessity for a bimetallic standard. Where will Bryan stand on this question should he be elected? Will he favor government ownership of railroads? Will he proceed forthwith to annihilate the trusts? From his viewpoint, principle is involved in every one of these questions, and if he is true to principle, he won't permit any party platform to control his action.

Lastly, if the Democratic party is more united than in the preceding Bryan campaigns, it is yet to be demonstrated. In half a dozen states where the narrow Democratic margin requires harmony there are serious conflicts. When Bryan preferred an Indiana man for vice president, rather than a citizen of New York, it was a virtual abandonment of the latter. If he had the ghost of a show in New York, Hearst's refusal to support the ticket removes even the ghost. Murphy can't whip Tammany into line, however much he may desire it. Without New York Bryan's cause is hopeless.

PENSIONING MRS. CLEVELAND.

The Blade cannot understand why any question should be raised about granting the usual pension to the widow of President Cleveland. The custom was established at the time of the assassination of President Lincoln, although the pension given Mrs. Lincoln was but $3,000 a year. The sum was increased to $5,000 and this amount was paid Mrs. Grant and Mrs. McKinley and is being paid Mrs. Garfield. It is understood Mrs. Harrison is not pensioned by the government as she married Mr. Harrison after his term of office had expired.

It is to be regretted that certain persons and newspapers have even started the discussion or raised a question concerning the pensioning of Mrs. Cleveland. Whether Mr. Cleveland left a large or a small estate has nothing to do with it, neither is it a matter of politics, but of custom, and the custom is proper and right and is typical of the feeling of Americans for the widows of chief executives.

Grover Cleveland served two terms as president and left a record honorable to himself and creditable to the country. Mrs. Cleveland was one of the sweetest and most popular women who ever presided over the executive mansion and there should be no objection from any quarter to congress giving her the customary $5,000 a year whether she needs it or not.

BETTER TIMES ARE HERE.

I look for a continued revival in business and expect to see the country doing as well in December of this year as we did in December prior to 1906. The panic had its inception ten years ago, when so many large corporations were formed with inflated capital.

So said Alexander Gilbert, president of the New York clearing house, in an address before the bankers of that state the other day.

Mr. Gilbert's optimism is shared by the leading capitalists, manufacturers and railroad men of the country. Business and industrial conditions are again becoming normal. In midsummer, when a lull is expected, the situation is improving every day. Mr. Taft's nomination is believed to foreshadow his election, and instead of waiting until the ballots are counted fires are being lighted, wheels are revolving, shops and factories are opening, and idle men are going to work by the thousands.

Railroad men are especially well pleased with the outlook, idle cars are being put in commission, and it is predicted that in October the transportation lines will be as hard pushed as ever to handle the freight which will be offered.

It is significant that in August and September of 1907 the pay rolls made up by the Pittsburg banks aggregated a million dollars a day. This spring this sum dwindled to $300,000 a day. It is now $650,000 a day. This means renewed activity and the employment of tens of thousands of idle men.

Similar reports come from the other big manufacturing and commercial centers. The croakers are taking to the woods. The pessimists are slinking away. Business men are feeling the new spirit. Courage is returning to the unemployed. Better times are here.

HEARST AND BRYAN.

Ridicule as they may, the fact remains that Democrats are greatly perturbed over the open hostility to Bryan and the Democratic party on the part of William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst is a factor to be reckoned with in this year's campaign for he has money and newspapers and independence, and does not hesitate to say and do things.

Hearst may not injure Bryan's chances in New York, because Bryan cannot carry that state, and has no hope of doing so. But in the middle west and on the Pacific slope Hearst is in position to cause Mr. Bryan trouble, and the Nebraskan realizes it.

Prior to the Denver convention Bryan, through the Commoner, sought to placate Mr. Hearst. At that time Mr. Bryan said:

Mr. Hearst could hardly be expected to announce in advance of the other conventions what he thought might be done, but it will be remembered that in 1904 he was a candidate in the Democratic convention after the adoption of the platform written that year.

If the platform of 1904 was good enough for Mr. Hearst to run on, may not the Democratic platform of 1908 be good enough for Mr. Hearst to support?

But it did not work. The Democratic platform is not good enough for Mr. Hearst, neither does Mr. Bryan's nomination suit him. Hearst does not attempt to conceal his dislike for both, for the next day after the nomination at Denver one of his papers contained the following:

We have lost confidence in the Democratic party, as millions of other Democrats have done. We cannot see in this nomination any hope.

We are bound to add, with regret, that we have lost confidence also in William J. Bryan, who by well manipulated boss-ship has compelled this nomination.

No reliance can be placed on the Democratic platform or on Bryan's declarations. The Democratic platform declares for one set of principles at one election and for an entirely different set at the next election, while Bryan is apparently without permanent principle or sincere conviction, or even honest attitude.

A note is a promise to pay. It is valuable according to who makes it and who indorses it. A platform is a promise to perform; and a platform made by the Democratic party and indorsed by Bryan is not worth the paper it is written on.

There is no need of a diagram to explain the above. Within a few days the Independence League will hold its national convention and Mr. Bryan and the Democratic party will, no doubt, again hear from Mr. Hearst.

UNCLE REMUS' PARK.

Along with the movement started by the Atlanta Constitution for a monument to "Uncle Remus" comes a suggestion that should be adopted. It is that this memorial take the form of a public playground to be known as "Uncle Remus' Park."

Aside from the fact that monuments of this character are more enduring than marble or granite, they are in finer harmony with the spirit of the times. Instead of being dumb testimonials of reverence or esteem, they are practical aids to the world's betterment, perennial reminders that the man in respect to whose memory they are instituted, had done something in life worth while.

A park for the children would be an especially appropriate monument for "Uncle Remus" who produced so much that was a delight to the youthful mind. He loved children and it was this love no doubt that guided his pen to delineate the charming stories which brought him renown. What more fitting than that his friends and admirers should establish in his name a park where the children can continue to find joy and recreation?

"Uncle Remus" was a man of retiring disposition. He shrank from strangers and avoided everything that tended to bring him public attention. He loved the quiet of his home, the shade of his trees, the companionship of a few intimates and his work. Imagine rearing a monument of stone to commemorate such a life!

Of course the citizens of Atlanta who were proud of Uncle Remus approve the park idea as better typifying the career of the great author, and there is little doubt that the plan will be carried to perfection. It will be an important departure in monument building, but one that we hope will last. Where we can best preserve the memory of our heroes by serving humanity, surely that is the better way, and one that appeals to the intelligence.

WHAT'S THE USE?

Wu Ting-Fang, Chinese minister to the United States, is not only a philosopher but is always interesting. Whether in spirit of humor or in downright earnestness he now declares he has discovered a rule of life which will enable him to live to be 200 years old. His plan is simple, indeed, although it may be found somewhat difficult of application. Eat no meats and but two meals a day; live principally on rice; give up salt; abandon all drinks except water; practice deep breathing and take moderate exercise.

This is all well enough but it does not fit our every-day life. Perhaps most of us do not live right and it may be our own fault if we wear ourselves out in the hurry and bustle of American activities. But what's the use of living 200 years, anyhow? Why want to remain on this earth for more than a century after one has passed the limit of usefulness? Besides, there is no reason for believing that if one followed the rule of the Chinese sage he would succeed in rounding out 200 years. It is up to Wu Ting-Fang to prove that his rules will work successfully.

PLEDGED TO PUBLICITY.

Judge Taft is committed to a full publicity of the campaign's finances. "What the committee has done and the selection of Mr. Sheldon for treasurer," he said in an interview, "means that we are to have in this campaign genuine publicity regarding campaign contributions."

That statement should be accepted at full value. Judge Taft is not a dissembler. He knows nothing of political chicanery. He believes that the people are entitled to the information relating to the finances of a national campaign. He told Mr. Bryan so before the Chicago convention, and his views have not changed.

But Democratic leaders profess to see in Mr. Sheldon's election to the treasurership a scheme to deceive. They say that New York contributions may have to be published to conform to the statute of that state, but that the committee will be silent as to contributions received elsewhere. Their atttitude arouses suspicion as to their own purpose. The most positive platform declaration means nothing unless it is followed by definite performance. The one thing that counts is the expression from the candidates, and it is gratifying that both are on record endorsing the principle of publicity.

The effect of this change in the method of conducting a national campaign is problematical. Certainly it will prevent corporations giving hundreds of thousands of dollars to either committee. It will not prevent individuals contributing whatever they may choose within reasonable limits. The man who never aids in any movement unless he gets value received in advertising may consider this an attractive form of investment. But these additions will be offset by the withdrawal of the men who shrink from publicity. The Blade does not imagine that the new plan will seriously cripple either committee, but it will have a wholesome influence on the campaign and it meets the popular view.

CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS.

One can well imagine the keen disappointment with which Candidate Bryan read the statement of Candidate Taft anent campaign contributions. Because the Chicago convention refused to incorporate a publicity plank in the Republican platform, Mr. Bryan made it a prominent feature of his Denver platform and looked upon it as delectable mutton for his campaign menu.

But candidate Taft had no thought of permitting Candidate Bryan to run away with this choice morsel for he promptly placed himself on record as determined that the contributions to the Republican fund should be published. In accord with Mr. Taft's views, Treasurer Sheldon also declared for publicity and has made it a well-defined feature of the Republican program. These statements of Messrs. Taft and Sheldon actually discounted the attitude of the Denver convention for the guaranteed the direct application of the principle, whereas the convention could merely indorse.

Candidate Bryan was quick to see the advantage of Candidate Taft's position and we see the result in the Bryan-Kern statement, which was made before the Democratic national committee and by it approved. This statement declares in substance that no contribution shall be received from any corporation; that no contribution exceeding $10,000 shall be accepted from any individual; that all contributions of more than $100 shall be made public; that no contribution exceeding $100 shall be accepted within three days of election, and that the committee shall publish an account of its expenditures within 30 days after election.

To be sure there is a good deal of buncombe in all this. Individual members of corporations can take the place of the corporations and there is no penalty provided should the campaign committee conveniently forget to include all contributions in its tabulations. But Candidates Bryan and Kern have caught up with Candidate Taft's initiative and time alone will demonstrate how closely performance follows on the heel of promise.

IT IS BRYAN'S VOCATION.

Commenting on Mr. Bryan's statement which he issues whenever he is nominated for president that, if elected he would not be a candidate for re-election, the Charleston News and Courier thinks it would be more to the point if Mr. Bryan should add: "And if defeated, I shall not again be a candidate for renomination."

But Mr. Bryan will make no such declaration as long as he can keep his grip on the donkey's neck. It has been frequently claimed that the candidate does not regard a defeat with unmixed sorrow. He realizes that every campaign adds to his commercial value as editor and lecturer and when it comes to turning material into profit, Mr. Bryan is a wonder. He is one of the best haymakers the sun ever shone upon. He does not waste time repining because the White House doors won't open to him, but he proceeds to get busy.

The hungry office seeker, who has invested time and capital to elect a Democratic president, stakes everything on the result. Defeat makes his investment a total loss, but Bryan begins to reap a harvest almost from the moment the verdict is recorded against him.

To expect him, therefore, to give up his profession of president-seeking just to please some of his enemies is wholly unreasonable. If there should come a time when Mr. Bryan has a surfeit of wealth and notoriety, he may voluntarily retire from the field but otherwise nothing short of vigorous action from the donkey's hind legs can break the great Commoner's cinch hold.

THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

Notwithstanding the tremendous impetus given the temperance movement in the United States during the past four years, it is doubtful if there will be any perceptible increase in the vote of the Prohibition party at the November election.

With a persistency that cannot but be admired the Prohibitionists met in Columbus this week and named a presidential ticket, but there is little reason for believing Chafin and Watkins, the nominees for president and vice president, will receive much consideration from the voters.

The great temperance victories in recent years have not been gained through a political party with prohibition as the one great central idea. The party Prohibitionist wants absolute prohibition, and is not content with anything else.

Practical temperance workers believe in hitting the traffic in the most effective way, but are guided by public sentiment. Here in Ohio, for instance, local option and taxation seem to be the means best adapted to combat the evil. If a township, municipality, city district or county wants the saloons abolished it can be done by majority action. If the majority want saloons, the privilege is theirs. It is a clear case of majority rule, one of the foundation principles of the republic.

The Anti-Saloon League, rather than the Prohibition party, is the weapon which is being wielded most effectively in this triumphal campaign against the powerful liquor interests. Back of the Anti-Saloon League is the unbroken army, ever increasing, growing in influence every day, of the churches of the country. The League is merely doing the work of the churches, and it is doing it well. It fights battles in a practical way. It meets organization with organization. It is alert, aggressive, determined, and it gets results.

The temperance question will never be settled by the Prohibition party, but it is being settled by the people regardless of party. They have determined the saloon must go, and the saloon is going fast.

A RANK PESSIMIST.

Stuyvesant Fish, the well known capitalist and railroad magnate, is a pessimist of the first water and is foolish about it, too. On the eve of his departure for Europe to enjoy the summer he delivered himself of a dismal wail on conditions here based on his observations at fashionable and frivolous Newport, where many of the freakish rich are wont to congregate.

Mr. Fish says there is no indication of a business revival; he looks for a louder chorus of the hard-times cry; August will be dull in all lines; net profits of railroads will be small, due to the excessive wages demanded by labor; wealthy people are practicing economy and are stretching their credit instead of letting go of their money.

We hasten to assure those of our readers who may be influenced by the croakings of Mr. Fish that Newport does not comprise all of the United States and that outside the sacred precincts of that somewhat notorious summer resort there is a considerable part of the country which Mr. Fish has possibly not taken into consideration, and outside of Newport conditions are not so deplorable.

Wages are good; thousands of idle men are going to work; factories and mills are resuming operations; the farmers are harvesting one of the biggest crops the country has ever produced; the banks are full of money; empty freight cars are getting busy and this, too, before the demand for moving crops; there is a better feeling among business men and an optimism which is country-wide in its sweep—except, of course, it does not include fashionable Newport.

The hardships now being endured in Newport will bring tears to the eyes of the nation. On the authority of Mr. Fish some of the poor people of that stricken village have felt it necessary to cut down their living expenses to $50,000 a year! This is serious. It possibly means fewer diamonds and a decrease in the number of monkey dinners. Some of the people may be compelled to get along with only a half dozen automobiles. Is it any wonder that Mr. Fish sailed to Europe? No doubt he is cutting down expenses.

To prove that Mr. Fish is not to be taken seriously it is only necessary to call attention to his other statement that it is more difficult for those who have been living on an income of $250,000 a year to scale their expenditures down to a reduced income of $50,000 than for those who have been living on $15 a week to come down to $10. The millionaire, in reducing expenses, cuts off some of his luxuries but the family which must live on $10 a week instead of $15 must retrench on absolute necessities. In the one instance it is retrenching in steam yachts, expensive furnishings and costly banquets, while in the other it means cutting off decent clothing and a style of living necessary to the well being of an American family.

MAN AND HIS NEIGHBOR.

Under the above caption, Dr. Charles F. Aked, the eminent New York divine, discussed the individual responsibility of liquor drinking in the July Appleton's. Laying down the broad principle that the wisdom of abstaining from the use of intoxicants as beverages is seen in the injury which liquors do to the people who drink them, Dr. Aked advances another proposition, equally true, that the right to prohibit the sale of intoxicants as beverages grows out of the injury which they do to people who do not drink them.

This assertion of Dr. Aked finds its justification in the basic conception of government, for human beings get together in communities and organize governments for purposes of self-protection. The right, therefore, to drink liquors as beverages is disputed, on the ground of the great wrong which it does to other people. Says Dr. Aked:

If it were possible for a man to live a life which was in no way related to any other life now being lived or in future to be lived upon this earth; if it were possible for him to cut himself off from all dependence upon others, and from the dependence of others upon him; if he stood alone, and his conduct affected in no possible way the health or happiness or morality of any other human being; if, in short, a man could live unto himself and die unto himself, so careful a thinker as the Apostle Paul to the contrary notwithstanding, then he might be able to maintain his right to drink with a greater show of reason. But no man can live such an isolated life, and nobody dreams of asserting that he can. We are one body, and if one member suffer, other members suffer with it. It is not possible for any human being to withdraw himself from the human family in such a way as to prevent his conduct affecting an entirely unknown and eternally widening circle of human life.

Who can say that this is not good argument? No man can assist in maintaining the drink traffic without inflicting wrong on others, and when this is done the right of self-protection must be recognized on the well established principle that no man has the right to do an injustice to another for his own gain or pleasure.

This follows closely the decisions of the supreme court of the United States which declare there is no inherent right to sell intoxicants as beverages and it is done only by the sufferance of the people and may be regulated or prohibited as the people may desire.

If it is a fact that following the open sale of intoxicants there come distress disease, poverty, crime and misery then the traffic levies a burden upon those who do not drink and these have the right to take measures to protect themselves and society. The evidence that these ills do follow the traffic in liquors is overwhelming, as jails, prisons, reformatories, asylums and charities attest.

There is a further element of danger which is clearly pointed out by Mr. Aked and is recognized by the thinking men of the country. Concerning this Dr. Aked says:

Consider these further elements of danger to the body politic. We stand committed to democracy. But imagine a democracy in whose veins runs whisky—a drink-sodden, muddled and fuddled proletariat, a sovereign people delivered body and soul to the bond slave of the gin mill and the saloon!

We are thrust into the competition of men and of nations. But a nation whose brain is sluggish with drink, whose brain is alcoholized, whose nerve force and vitality are sapped by dram drinking, is doomed to go under in the onrush of a healthier and soberer and purer stock.

Dr. Aked's propositions, arguments and conclusions are convincing and unanswerable.

OHIO'S CHILD LABOR LAW.

The child labor law enacted by the general assembly last winter does not meet all the requirements of those who advocated the reform, but is considered a step in the right direction, limiting the hours boys and girls shall work, providing that little ones shall not work in certain places and under certain conditions.

The enactment of this law met with stiff opposition from persons who would not like to be advertised as being against a child labor statute. Responding to the demand of the people, the bill was passed and Governor Harris gladly signed it.

It is now said the law is to be attacked in the courts and that an effort will be made to prove that it is unconstitutional.

It will require no small amount of gall for a lawyer, even acting in the capacity of a hired man, to attempt to nullify the child labor law. The cry of this law and that law being unconstitutional is becoming somewhat hackneyed, and the people are getting tired of it.

As the Louisville Herald points out, in discussing this question, the constitution of Ohio was written nearly sixty years ago, and at that time there was not a dynamo nor an electric wire in the state. The writers of that instrument were neither prophets nor revelators and could not foresee conditions which did not exist at that time and never had existed.

Ohio and other states, in passing laws governing conditions under which children may work, are doing that which is demanded in the interests of the boys and girls who are to be the men and women of tomorrow, and who certainly need protection in their rights as children instead of being turned into labor machines because, by so doing, certain businesses may add to their profits.

The child labor law has come to stay, and if the present statute is invalidated another and a stronger will take its place.

About the only time we hear from King Peter, of Servia, is when he denies a rumor that he is going to abdicate. Peter should have been a United States senator.

VARIETIES

Cash registers are used in a church in Massachusetts.

New York police heads "invited" by jury to explain why track gambling is still permitted.

Mystic Shrine in session at St. Paul elects officers and selects Louisville for the next meeting.

Last year 52,816 rats were killed at the London docks and on vessels arriving in the port.

"Cap" Anson, of baseball fame, faces bankruptcy, a receiver having been named for his business.

Captain of British steamship is accused before New York coroner of driving sailors to jump overboard by cruelty.

Germany's population increases at the rate of 900,000 a year, the result of excess of births over deaths.

The per capita circulation of the United States is exceeded by only one other country of importance—France.

William R. Hearst cables from Paris that he is opposed to an indorsement of Bryan and the Democracy by the Independence party.

Two hundred pilgrims start for Rome to present to the pope an address of congratulation from the Catholics of the United States.

Lloyd's is insuring New York brokers and financiers against Bryan's election at 10 per cent premium and enormous business is in prospect.

Under a new law in Alabama, that took effect July 1, no man may carry and no man may sell a pistol less than two feet in length.

Church bell-ringing in London has become such a nuisance in some quarters of the city that the bells are muffled on week days.

Experiments to be made in aeronautics at Fort Meyer, Va., next month, the first by the government aside from those with captive and free balloons.

General growth and extension of the railway business is shown by the twentieth annual statistical report of the Interstate commerce commission.

John Connors, a farmer near Beulah, Kan., makes a nice little stake every year selling cornhusks, which are used to wrap hot tamales.

It has been stated on British authority that American immigrants into Canada are taking $50,000,000 worth of property into that country each year.

Herman Ridder, president of the American Newspaper Publishers' association, asks President Roosevelt's aid in the fight of the paper users against the paper combines.

Count Boni de Castellane asks a revision of his divorce decree granting him custody of his three children and wants his ex-wife to pay $20,000 a year for the maintenance of each.

The last herd of antelopes in the United States has been located near Hooker, in Oklahoma. This was formerly a part of the Great American desert, and called No Man's Land.

New York city pays a large funeral bill. It costs the city $32.50 to bury each of the unclaimed bodies that pass through the morgue, and there are about 9,400 of them in the course of a year.

In amount of capital of national banks New York leads with $157,661,000, with Pennsylvania next and Ohio third. Pennsylvania with 764, leads in the number of national banks, with Texas second and Illinois third.

Church work in Uganda has been greatly aided of late years by the prime minister, Apolo Kakwa, at whose home every week there is a Bible class which is often attended by as many as thirty of the highest chiefs.

After granting women the parliamentary suffrage, Norway has gone a step further and voted to give all women employed in the postal service the same pay as the men. Norwegian women have struggled for this point for several years.

The up-to-date butcher shop is now provided with an electric meat saw, and the old hand saw is relegated to the junk pile. In its place is a small bandsaw, driven by an electric motor, which severs all bones in a neat and expeditious manner.

There is more heart disease in New York city than ever before, and it is showing itself among the children to an alarming extent. The health department reports 1,234 deaths from heart weaknesses among children during their formative period.

Many travelers on the Third and Second avenue elevated railways of New York city wonder how the little cemetery at New Bowery and Olive street came to be there. It is a remnant of the first Jewish cemetery in the United States and was established in 1656.

Forestry in Korea is to be taken up by the government under new forest laws, said to have been enacted under a co-operative agreement drawn up by Japan and Korea. It is also reported that a school for training Korean foresters has been established.

The foreign trade of the Philippine Islands for the calendar year 1907, exclusive of gold and silver, now free government entries, was as follows: Imports, $30,453,810; exports, $33,097,867; an increase, as compared with 1906, of $2,064,042 in the imports and of $454,975 in the exports.

The Women's Citizen Committee of Newport, Del., are renewing their activities in behalf of better sanitation for their town. In 1899 and 1900 these women raised a fund to put the town in a sanitary condition. Now they find that the men have failed to keep the town in proper shape, so they have started work again.

Charolles, a small town thirty miles from Macon, in France, has recently been visited by a shower of sulphur. The roofs, gardens, fields, vineyards, rivers and ponds were covered with a yellow dust, and for some time the peasants in the fields were troubled by a sulphurous biting odor which made breathing difficult.

Statistics compiled by the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers show that the total value of American-made automobiles for 1907 was $105,669,572. This represents 52,303 cars manufactured during the year. Of these, all but 5,000 were gasoline vehicles, the smaller number being divided between steam and electric machines.

The per capita consumption of spirituous liquors for the year ended June 30, 1907, is the highest on record, reaching 23.53 gallons per capita, an increase over 1906 of 1.27 gallons. The advance in consumption of distilled spirits from 1.52 gallons per capita in 1906 to 1.63 gallons in 1907 is more notable than an increase of .12 gallons in the use of wine and a rise of 1.04 gallons in beer.

There was considerable excitement in Leadville, Colo., recently over the discovery of a gold nugget in the gizzard of a chicken. The nugget was found by Mrs. R. J. McDonald while dressing the fowl, which was bought at a local store. The nugget is said to be worth about $2. The chicken was imported recently from Kansas and considerable speculation is being indulged in as to whether an unknown placer mine exists on the farm where the bird was raised.

According to Richard Croker, it is American money which seems to be keeping Egypt going. "Two-thirds of the visitors," says Mr. Croker, "I met all around came from America, and they represented all parts of the states. They provide the people with a living not only in the hotels, but in the streets. I never saw such people for begging. As soon as an Egyptian child is born it seems to ask for backsheesh, and Egyptians are looking for money all the time."

Just before Queen Alexandra left England on her recent continental trip she received a letter from Martha Massey, a servant girl, who was lying ill in St. Luke's hospital, London. The girl wrote that she was dying of consumption and the doctors had

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2274—Boys' Blouse. These separate blouses are developed in pongee, linen, duck, chambray, Indian-head cotton, khaki, challis, or mohair. 5 sizes—5 to 13 years.

2136—Misses' Double Breasted Shirt-Waist, with Removable Chemisette. This is a pattern much liked by the growing girl and having a tailor-made appearance that is very stylish. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1820—Child's Tucked Dress. A suitable pattern for the every day frock, made up in challis or one of the heavy washable materials. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

1923—Girls' Jumper Dress, with a separate guimpe. This is an excellent pattern for any of the pretty thin summer materials, and is so simple in construction that it is easily within the scope of the home dressmaker. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2477—Ladies' Four-Gored Petticoat Skirt, lengthened by a dust ruffle and with or without the gathered flounce. This pattern is especially adaptable to wear under the thin summer frock, or if desired it may be made in silk as well as Persian lawn, nainsook or jaconet. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2485—Ladies Two-Piece Circular Skirt, with inset panel. One of the advanced autumn models that is adaptable to any of the new materials, as well as to serge, broadcloth, mohair or shepherd's plaid. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1857—Ladies' Shirtwaist, with front yoke and elbow sleeves. A model much worn and suitable for development in almost any material. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2012—Ladies' Jumper Waist, with a separate guimpe, having three-quarter length sleeves. For a dressy waist this is a dainty and desirable pattern, the guimpe should be of embroidered batiste, the same color as the waist. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1657—Girls' Suspender Dress, with guimpe and plaited skirt. Thin serge combined with a guimpe of bright colored silk makes this a suitable little model for the dress to be worn during the early autumn days. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2376—Girls' Dress, with a separate guimpe having high or low neck and long or three-quarter length sleeves. Shepherd's plaid piped with red taffetas and worn with a guimpe of plain white lawn make this a stylish little garment for everyday wear. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2496—Ladies' Shirtwaist, with three-quarter length sleeves. A pretty and stylish model, suitable for development in linen, chambray, lawn or silk. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2471—Ladies' Corset-Cover, with front yoke and with or without shield sleeves. This pattern is suitable made up in nainsook, Persian lawn, thin cambric, or jaconet, it may also be developed in wide flouncing if desired. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2464—Girls' and Child's Rompers with circular bloomers. These useful and practical little garments are made up in checked, plaid or figured gingham, or in plain chambray or linen. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

2458—Child's One-Piece Tucked Dress, with Yoke, Collar, Dutch Neck and Short Sleeves. This is a pretty and serviceable little frock for either morning or afternoon wear. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2125—Ladies' Seven-Gored Bell Skirt, in Round or Ankle Length. This is a splendid pattern for the separate skirt of serge, mohair or Panama cloth. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

1787—Misses' One-Piece Kilt-Plaited Skirt. A stylish model used for the separate skirt for everyday wear, or as part of a jacket suit for best wear. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2323—Ladies' Jumper. A pretty style, adaptable alike to silk, mohair, serge, dimity or lawn. 3 sizes—Small, medium and large.

2040—Ladies' Square-Yoked Shirtwaist, with Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. High or Dutch Neck, and with or without trimming Straps. This is adaptable for the separate waist of lawn or linen, or as a waist to a costume made of plain or embroidered batiste it is distinctly stylish. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1816—Girls' Dress, with Elbow Sleeves and Turn-down Collar. A pattern that will be greatly appreciated at this season of the year. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2157—Child's Dress with Guimpe. A dainty little model, easily constructed and suitable for everyday and best wear. 4 sizes 3 to 9 years.

1841—Ladies' Combination Corset Cover and Short Petticoat. Nainsoook, Persian lawn, batiste or jaconet are all used for this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2462—Girls' and Child's Night Gown, with High or Dutch Neck and Long or Short Sleeves. Made up in thin cambric, batiste, jaconet or Persian lawn, trimmed with narrow lace, this is a neat little model. 8 sizes—2 to 16 years.

CHAFIN FOR PRESIDENT

Prohibitionists Nominate an Illinois Man to Head the National Ticket.

Required Three Ballots for Presidential Nominee to Secure Full Endorsement.

Columbus, O., July 17.—For President, Eugene W. Chafin, of Chicago; for vice president, Aaron S. Watkins, of Ada, Ohio.

This ticket was nominated yesterday by the Prohibitionist national convention, and both nominations were made unanimous. The full indorsement of the convention was not, however, given to Mr. Chafin until after three ballots had been taken.

On the first ballot Mr. Chafin did not show a great amount of strength, receiving but 195 out of 1,083 votes on the first and 376 out of 1,087 on the second ballot. His nomination was assured, however, when the roll call began for the third ballot. His own state, which had voted largely for Daniel R. Sheen, of Peoria, and the New York delegation followed by those of Indiana and Wisconsin, came over to Mr. Chafin, and on the third ballot he received a total of 636 votes.

Strong Competitor.

The strongest competitor of Mr. Chafin was Rev. William B. Palmore, of St. Louis, who received 274 votes on the first ballot, and a comparatively small vote after it was evident that the nomination of Mr. Chafin could not be prevented.

It was then decided to make Mr. Palmore the vice presidential nominee, and he was named by acclamation. He declined to accept the office, however, and persisted in his attitude, despite the strong urging of his friends. The convention, finding itself confronted with the necessity of naming another vice presidential candidate and many of the delegates, being anxious to catch the early night trains for home, became involved in a deep parliamentary tangle. The rules were several times suspended, and the suspensions immediately revoked.

Finally, it was decided that Professor Aaron S. Watkins, of Ada, O., should be named by acclamation. There was no opposition to him at the moment, and Chairman Scanlon was on the verge of declaring Professor Watkins the nominee when delegates in various parts of the hall broke out with a flood of motions, amendments and suspension of the rules.

An extended debate finally resulted in the restoration of the rules and in a ballot for the vice presidency. Three men were named, Professor Watkins, T. B. Demaree, of Kentucky, and Charles C. Holler, of Idiana. The ballot resulted in the nomination of Watkins by an overwhelming majority, and he was immediately thereafter, upon motion of the Kentucky delegates, made the unanimous choice of the convention.

Both the presidential and vice presidential nominees are candidates for governor in their respective states on the Prohibition ticket.

Candidate an Attorney.

Eugene W. Chafin, who leads the Prohibition party this year, is an attorney. He is a native of Waukesha county, Wisconsin, and for several years practiced law there. He was at one time a candidate for governor of Wisconsin on the Prohibition ticket, and was this year placed in the running for the same position in Illinois by the Prohibitionists of that state.

BRYAN HOPES ON OHIO

Thinks He Can Capture This State as Well as Indiana.

Lincoln, Neb., July 20.—According to Democratic leaders who have been to Fairview and conferred with Mr. Bryan, the ability of the Democratic party to secure the negro vote in Ohio will depend largely upon the attitude of Senator Foraker. They have overlooked the fact that Senator Foraker has declared for Judge Taft and has promised enthusiastic support to the national ticket and they profess to feel assured of a large negro support in that state. Holding as they do, the balance of political power, there being something like 60,000 of them, the negroes in the Ohio campaign will be a most important factor. As, however, Senator Foraker has promised to lend his support to Taft, it is considered by the knowing politicians that there is little probability of enrolling a sufficient number of negro voters in the cause of Democracy to materially affect the result. Notwithstanding this former attorney General Frank S. Monnett, of Columbus, and E. H. Moore, of Youngstown, are today speeding home after a conference with Mr. Bryan with instructions to size up the situation and take every advantage of the possible disaffection of the Foraker men.

The first feeling of hopefulness with regard to Illinois is not gaining ground, and while that state will be carefully looked after it has been practically determined that the main efforts in the middle west will be directed toward Indiana and Ohio, where the Democratic leaders are counting on wresting the majority vote from the Republican column.

BRYAN ASKS FOR FUNDS

Democrats Make Appeal to Farmers of Country.

Lincoln, Neb., July 17.—The first direct appeal for campaign contributions by the Democratic candidates for the presidency and vice presidency was made today. In a formal message directed to the farmers of the country, Bryan and Kern urge them to contribute according to their means and in other ways assist in restoring Democracy to power.

The appeal says the first contribution this year has been made by an Iowa farmer, and that "it is very appropriate that this first contribution should come from that great body of our population known as agriculturalists.

"As the national committee has not yet been organized, we will ask The Commoner to call for subscriptions to this farmers' fund. Those giving may indicate whether they are willing to have their names mentioned and if the contribution is not more than $100 their wishes will be complied with. All contributions above $100 must be made known, no matter from whom they come.

"The farmers' fund will be turned over to the national committee as soon as its permanent officers have been selected. Who will be the first to respond?"

TWO MEN KILLED IN MINE

Workmen Are Run Down by Trip Train.

DuBois, Pa., July 18.—Two men were killed and another fatally injured in an accident at the Acme slope mine, near here yesterday. The dead are Englishmen and the injured man a Frenchman. The men were run down by a "trip" train in the mine.

Says Guatemala's President Gave $10,000 to Roosevelt Campaign

Mexico City, July 18.—In a long article published under the signature of Dr. Herman Prowe, a German formerly residing in Guatemala, the statement is made that President Cabrera contributed $10,000 gold to the Roosevelt campaign fund in 1904. The statement appeared in the columns of Deutsche Zeitung, a German paper published in this capital. Dr. Prowe contends with all seriousness that this sum was paid to American Minister Hunter, then representing the United States at the Guatemalan capital.

In two additional columns of matter of similar tenor, he claims that Cabrera is favoring the American residents to the exclusion of Germans and members of other nations. He maintains that past representatives of the United States have persistently misrepresented conditions in Guatemala, which, he says, are more appalling than those which existed in Cuba during the Weyler regime or which have recently been reported in Hayti, the Congo, and Macedonia. Dr. Prowe claims the result of Cabrera's rule or ruin public policy will be a protectorate either jointly wielded by the United States and Mexico or by one of the nations singly. Dr. Prowe names a number of Americans as being implicated in graft in connection with the recent Salvadorean trouble.

BOYCOTT AND BLACKLIST CONDEMNED

Both Dangerous to Future and Glory of Country, Says Justice Brewer.

DAVID J. BREWER
PHOTO BY HANDALL

Justice of the United States supreme court, who declares the boycott and blacklist endanger the future and glory of the country.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 17.—That the black list and the boycott are alike and equally damnable was the sentiment expressed yesterday by Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States supreme court, in an address before a large number of agents of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance company.

The justice said that there was nothing more wholesome than a collection of laborers, but that when any body of laborers say: "You must join this organization or you can't be permitted to work anywhere," that organization was an enemy to personal liberty.

Such conduct was disgraceful and the blacklist and the boycott, the use of which prevented men from getting employment, endangered the future and glory of the republic.

SENATOR CLARK STRICKEN

Wyoming Legislator Suffers Breakdown at Chicago.

Chicago, July 18.—Clarence Don Clark, United States senator from Wyoming, was stricken with a nervous collapse and general break down at the Auditorium Annex hotel last night. So serious was the senator's condition that for a time his life was despaired of. He soon rallied, however; and, although still in a precarious condition, the physicians stated at midnight that they expect him to recover. Senator Clark came to Chicago on Wednesday from Washington. He is accompanied by J. C. Adams of the United States Indian bureau, with whom he was going to Wyoming to investigate several affairs in connection with the Indians of that state.

OHIO'S POSTAL BUSINESS

With Few Exceptions, Every Town in State Has Made Progress.

Washington, D. C., July 18.—Just now the postoffice department is going through the interesting process of determining which of the 68,000 offices in the United States have made the largest gains in business during the fiscal year that ended June 30. This computation is important for many reasons. When the figures for the last year are compared with those of the year before it is then determined whether a particular office shall remain a fourth-class office, if it is in that class, or whether it shall go into the third, second or presidential class. In addition to this it is determined whether the business of the last year would justify an increase in the salary of the postmaster and also an increase in the amount of help allowed him. These are two important points and are closely watched by every postmaster in the United States.

All of the auditors of the department are assorting the different reports as they come in, tabulating them, and generally getting them in shape for the comparison that will be made later on.

When the officials of the department were asked today to give some idea of the business done at the various Ohio offices during the last year it was stated that although the reports from the postmasters in that state were now being received by almost every mail it would be some time before anything like an exact statement of their business could be given.

Enough has been learned, however, to indicate that with few exceptions every town and city in Ohio has made good progress during the last year. When the returns are all in a good line may be had on the state's general prosperity as shown through the postal business transacted.

MINERS GETTING TOGETHER

Western Federation and United Workers Plan Affiliation.

Denver, Colo., July 18.—President Charles H. Moyer, of the Western Federation of Miners, which is holding its annual convention here, and President T. H. Lewis, of the United Mine Workers of America, together with members of the executive boards of both organizations, today reached an understanding regarding a complete exchange of working cards and outlined plans for an affiliation of the two bodies. Both sides will report back to their regular conventions and ask for jurisdiciton to work in harmony. The question of support to each other during strikes will be settled at a future conference, after the two boards have conferred with their respective organizations.

BRYAN COMING TO OHIO

Will Make at Least One Speech in Rival's State.

Lincoln, Neb., July 16.—Although Mr. Bryan is not prepared to say so at this time, the understanding of his close friends here is that while on one of his eastern trips during the campaign he will enter Ohio and will make at least one speech there.

Mr. Bryan gave assurances to members of the national committee that he would go to New York, and it may be that on this occasion he will stop over in Ohio either coming or going. The date of this trip is indefinite, the Democratic nominee himself having no idea now when he will leave Lincoln for the heart of what has been the "enemy's country."

Bryan was urged to make a few speeches on the theory that his appearance there would greatly enhance his chances of taking the state away from her favorite son. The proposition appealed to him so strongly that, as already indicated, it is believed due announcement will be made of his purpose to accept.

The Democratic candidate is going into Ohio for the same reason that prompted him to decide to go to New York and Illinois. He realizes that both of the latter states are more or less essential to his election, and since this is expected to be his last effort to attain the presidency he intends to overlook no opportunity to capture their electoral votes.

BETTER THAN GOLD

Food That Rebuilds Body and Brain.

"I owe a debt of gratitude to Grape-Nuts," writes a W. Va. young lady, "and I am glad of this opportunity to pay a little interest on it, although the debt itself I can never hope to remove.

"A few years ago I broke down from overwork and improper food. I was then in a preparatory school and my fondest wish was to enter college the following year.

"But about the middle of the term my health failed, and my brain refused to grapple with the subjects presented to it. Finally, my eyesight giving way, I was taken from the school, and sent to my grandmother's in the country, with orders not to open a book while I was there.

"The dear old lady tried every way to console and nurse me back to health, but it looked like failure until the day she brought back from town a box which, had its contents been pure gold, would have been of less value to me than the little golden-brown granules which it actually contained.

"I did not care about being experimented on at first, but that was before I had tasted Grape-Nuts with Grandma's rich Jersey cream.

"Oh, it was too good to stop eating. And I never have stopped, for I still have Grape-Nuts for breakfast.

"In the course of a few weeks I was back at school again, my health so entirely restored that I was almost a new girl.

"I am now in my junior year at college, president of my class and expect to take an A. M. degree next year. My good health has continued and my eyes, having been strengthened by the general build-up of my whole body, enable me to study all I wish." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SEES TAFT VICTORY

Ohio Senator Confident Republicans Will Win at November Election.

Washington, D. C., July 17.—Senator Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio, is confident of Republican victory in the United States and in Ohio at the coming election. He visited in Washington ton yesterday, between trains, and left yesterday for Maine, where he will spend his vacation with his family. He gave out a statement on the general political situation, but declined to discuss the Ohio senatorial situation, other than to say that it will be time enough "to bother about that affair after we have secured a Republican legislature.

"I am on my way to Northeast Harbor, Maine, where a part of mp family will spend the summer," he said., "I expect to remain there two or three weeks and then return to Ohio. I have been in Cincinnati for the last two weeks, but I was so busily occupied with other matters that I did not have much opportunity to learn the political situation, but, so far as I could observe, the people haven't yet become greatly interested in politics, and there is not, for that reason, much discussion.

"They have been waiting for the nominations to be made, and are now apparently waiting for the letters of acceptance from the candidates. In the meanwhile, the committees are getting ready for work, and shortly there will no doubt be the usual interest manifested. We shall then know more definitely than it is possible to know at this time just what to expect. I do not like to name majorities by which any state will be carried, but, generally speaking, I do not think any one has any serious doubt about the election of Taft. Judging from present indications, there will probably be a number of candidates to succeed me in the senate. It will be time enough to bother about that after we have secured a Republican legislature.

"There is some opposition to Governor Harris on account of his temperance views and he will no doubt lose some Republican votes, but, on the other hand, he will, for the same reason, make gains from the Democrats. It is too early to speak with any definiteness as to the result of all these currents and countercurrents, but, generally speaking, we have no uneasiness in Ohio as to the ultimate outcome."

CONTESTS SEPARATED

Fight for the National Ticket Divorced from the Senatorial Struggle.

Hot Springs, Va., July 18.—Arthur I. Vorys, manager of the national campaign in Ohio, made a statement yesterday in relation to the senatorial situation in his state which he declared ought to be satisfactory to all persons concerned. The purport of the statement is that the manager of the national campaign will not interfere with the election of a U. S. senator to succeed Senator Foraker.

"I have no candidate for the senatorship," said Mr. Vorys. "This is, and has continuously been, Secretary Taft's attitude respecting the senatorship. He stands where he always stood, determined not to promote any one's candidacy or to place obstacles in the way of any one who wants to be a candidate. The fight for the national ticket in Ohio has been and will continue to be divorced from the senatorial fight which stands on its own merits. There is no concerted effort on the part of the Taft men to defeat Foraker. Senator Foraker, in a statement made recently in Washington, put it right when he said that we should proceed to elect a Republican legislature. After that the question of who ought to be senator can be settled. Everybody ought to be content to stand on that proposition and I endorse it."

Mr. Vorys sees Judge Taft daily and discusses conditions in Ohio. He has not yet decided when he will leave Hot Springs and may remain here for several days.

M. E. Ingalls, formerly president of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, is here and is occupying his cottage near the Homestead. He is almost constantly upon the golf links while here and today he and Judge Taft played against George Ingalls, who after giving them a handicap came out even at the end of the match.

1908 CAMPAIGN OPENS

Hitchcock Leaves for Colorado Springs to Consult Middle West Leaders.

National Republican Chairman May Make Headquarters in Windy City.

Washington, July 16.—Chairman Frank H. Hitchcock, of the Republican national committee, will open the campaign of 1908 in the far west. Practically the first movement in the campaign for the election of William H. Taft and James S. Sherman, respectively, to the presidency and vice presidency, will be made at Colorado Springs, Colo., next Monday and Tuesday, July 20 and 21.

At that time, in the Antlers hotel, at Colorado Springs, Chairman Hitchcock will hold a conference with the Republican leaders of all the states and territories west of the Missouri river. Represented at the conference will be North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, Washington, Oregon and California. The Republican chairmen and the Republican committeemen of these states and territories have been invited by Chairman Hitchcock to attend the conference, and all of them have notified him of their intention to be present.

To Plan Work.

It is the purpose of Mr. Hitchcock, in the bringing thus together the Republican leaders of the west, to consider plans for the campaign in that territory. It is his desire that the leaders should become acquainted with one another; that each should feel that he has a part to perform, not only in the conduct of the campaign, but in the formulation of plans for it, and that there should be a co-operative effort among all of them to bring about a general result.

At the Colorado Springs conference careful plans will be mapped out for the campaign in the west, methods will be discussed and speakers for the various states arranged, so far as may be possible.

In the near future similar conferences will be held by Chairman Hitchcock with Republican leaders in the middle west and in the east.

The place of the middle west conference will be Chicago, and it probably will be held about ten days after the Colorado Springs conference. Some time subsequently a conference of the eastern leaders will be held in New York city.

Chairman Hitchcock has left Washington for Colorado Springs. On the way, he will stop at Chicago on Friday to make arrangements for western Republican headquarters in that city. Already by telegraph and by long-distance telephone he has arranged in part for the headquarters he desires in Chicago, and on his arrival there it probably will take him only few hours to complete his plans.

May Change Headquarters.

The headquarters will be located in an office building, Chairman Hitchcock preferring such a location to a hotel. In this connection, it can be said to be not unlikely that Mr. Hitchcock may make his permanent headquarters during the campaign in Chicago, instead of New York. He has the question under consideration, but has reached no definite conclusion.

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EAST IS FOR TAFT

Republican National Chairman to Devote Efforts to the West.

Chicago, July 17.—Frank H. Hitchcock, chairman of the Republican national committee, and James T. Williams, Jr., of William H. Taft's political staff, arrived here today from Washington, and will leave tomorrow for Colorado Springs, where the Republican state chairman and members of the national committee from states west of the Missouri river will confer with Hitchcock July 20 and 21. The meeting has been called to bring western Republican leaders closer together and to plan the campaign to be made in the west for Taft and Sherman.

Mr. Hitchcock said the hardest battles would be fought west of the Missouri river, and that he planned to secure the benefits of political assets never before available for the reason that state chairmen had confined their efforts in the past to their own territory. Mr. Hitchcock will try to bring them together in the matter of getting speakers and so far as possible wipe out state lines in carrying on the campaign.

The opinion was expressed by Hitchcock that the east is safe for Taft, and on that account, he said, he may devote much of his time to the west.

TAFT CHANGES SPEECH

Address of Acceptance Is Revised—More Consultations to Follow.

Hot Springs, Va., July 18.—W. H. Taft is making rapid progress in perfecting his speech of acceptance. He was at his work on it early today. He has made a thorough revision of his speech but will consider its language further and consult with some of his friends before placing his stamp of approval upon it. Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, arrived here today.

Hitchcock Goes to Chicago.

Chicago, July 18.—Frank H. Hitchcock, chairman of the Republican national committee, left Chicago at 9:15 a. m. today for Colorado Springs to confer with western Republican leaders on Monday and Tuesday. He is accompanied by James T. Williams, Jr., and Fletcher Maddox, solicitor for the internal revenue bureau and new national committeeman for Montana.

All the members of the national committee and all the chairmen of the state committees from west of the Missouri except three are expected to be present at the Colorado Springs conference.

Chicago Sentiment Grows.

Although there has been no decision reached permitting a positive announcement as to where the principal Republican headquarters are to be, sentiment in favor of Chicago is growing.

FLEET IS AT HONOLULU

People of Many Nations Welcome the Battleships.

Honolulu, July 17.—The Atlantic battleship fleet has arrived here, completing another long leg in its world cruise.

Magnificent beyond anything ever seen in these waters was the arrival, as one powerful vessel after another arose out of the eastern horizon and came in the range of vision of the thousands of spectators from the whole Hawaiian group of islands which thronged Diamond Head and adjoining heights that stretch beyond Waikiki eastward from Honolulu to the extremity of the Island Oahu. The city was early astir and the pilgrimage to Diamond Head and other points of vantage began with street cars jammed, automobiles and gaily decked carriages crowded with eager people. Many rode on horseback while others hastened on board excursion craft in the bay.

The ships' approach was beheld from roofs and tall buildings by a cosmopolitan crowd, men, women and children of all the races and nations that go to make up Honolulu's population, Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Hindus, Hawaiians, Portuguese, Spaniards, Porto Ricans, Filipinos and people from every European country and every state in the union.

At 12:50 p. m. the Connecticut entered the harbor and was saluted from the naval station and at 1:28 p. m. she, followed by the other ships, rounded the lighthouse buoy and came to anchor inside the harbor while the pent up enthusiasm of the islanders found vent in whistling sirens and the bursting of daylight fireworks.

No noteworthy incidents occurred on the voyage. The fleet never had to stop or slow down nor did any of the ships have to fall out of formation through accidents to steering gear.

ANOTHER BRYAN APPEAL

Asks the Democratic Newspapers to Collect Funds.

Fairview, Lincoln, Neb., July 20.—Mr. Bryan today again occupied himself with the subject of campaign contributions, and issued a statement appealing to the Democratic newspapers of the country to begin the collection of a fund from the subscribers. He believes that this year the Democrats will receive a larger campaign fund than ever before, and the money necessary will come from the masses.

Hearst Flays the Democrats

New York, July 17.—A cablegram has been received from William Randolph Hearst in reply to a message transmitted to Mr. Hearst from Samuel Gompers, stating that in view of the Democrats' stand for labor, it would be "an act of greatest patriotism for the Independence party to endorse the Democratic platform," and urging him not to run a third ticket, as it would beat Mr. Taft.

Mr. Hearst's cablegram follows:

"Paris, July 13.

"Tell Mr. Gompers that I am not authorized to speak for the membership of the Independence League, but according to my personal standards, a truer patriotism consists in laboring to establish a new party which will be consistently devoted to the interest of citizenship, and particularly to the advantage and advancement of the producing classes. I do not think the oath of patriotism lies in supporting a discredited and decadent old party, which has neither conscientious conviction nor honest intention, or in endorsing chameleon candidates who change the color of their political opinion with every varying hue of opportunism.

"I do not think the best benefit of laboring men lies in supporting that old party because of a sop of false promise, when the performance of that party while in power did more to injure labor than all the injunctions ever issued before or since. I have lost faith in the empty professions of an unregenerate Democracy. I have lost confidence in the ability, in the sincerity, and even in the integrity of its leaders. I do not consider it patriotism to pretend to support that which as a citizen, I distrust and detest, and I earnestly hope the Independence party will give me an opportunity to vote for candidates that are both able and honest, and for a declaration of principles that is both sound and sincere.

"WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST."

BILLION DOLLAR CONGRESS

Washington, July 17.—Official figures have been prepared by Thomas P. Reaves and James C. Courts, chief clerks respectively of the committees on appropriations of the senate and house of representatives, showing total appropriations made at the last session of congress were $1,008,397,543.56. Of this amount $95,382,247 was appropriated for the army; $122,663,885 for the navy; $163,053,000 for pensions; $232,970,892 for the postoffice, and $111,-956,088 for sundry civil expenses.

In addition to specific appropriations there were provided for continuing contracts to the amount of $49,443,750. Included in the continuing appropriations were the amounts to be paid for two first class battleships, two colliers, 10 torpedo boat destroyers and eight submarine torpedo boats, with the armor and armament for the battleships estimated to cost $25,700,000. Appropriations for public buildings throughout the United States, $20,789,750. A comparison of the contract liabilities with those of the last session of the 59th congress, amounting to $67,934,349, shows a reduction of $18,490,599. The new offices, specifically authorized are 16,824 in number at an annual compensation of $13,764,676; and those abolished are 6,142 in number, at an annual compensation of $4,675,389, a net increase of $10,682 in number and $9,-086,287 in amount.

Increases are shown in all of the general appropriation acts except those for the District of Columbia, Indians and military academy, the reductions in these three aggregating $438,709.

AID NEW CURRENCY LAW

Governors Called Up by the Treasury Department.

Washington, July 16.—To acquire the information necessary for its guidance in the execution of the new currency law the treasury department has called upon the census bureau for data relative to the state and municipal available as a basis for circulation. The census bureau is sending out circular letters to the governors of all states and to the authorities of the municipalities, calling for statements in regard to such bonded issues.

The treasury department has also called upon the interstate commerce commission to supply it with information in regard to the character and amount of the bonds issued by the various railroads in this country, which are also available as a basis for circulation under the terms of the new act.

SIX ARE KILLED

Bodies of Half Dozen Foreigners Found on Tracks Within Few Hours.

Buffalo, July 20.—Between midnight and daybreak this morning, six foreigners were run down and killed by trains in the railroad yards at South Buffalo. None of the dead men have been identified.

The six deaths coming within a few hours caused some talk among the foreigners in South Buffalo of a suicide pact among unemployed and disheartened laborers.

It is more probable, however, that the men were on their way to work or to seek employment and were run down in the fog which prevailed this morning.

PLANS ARE DISCUSSED

Republican Leaders of the West and Hitchcock Meet at Colorado Springs.

Colorado Springs, Colo., July 20.—Seventeen states and territories were represented here today by the Republican national committemen and the state chairmen at the conference called by Frank H. Hitchcock, chairman of the Republican national committee, for the purpose of devising systematic methods for carrying on the campaign in the west for Taft and Sherman. The western leaders arived here very enthusiastic over the plans made by Mr. Hitchcock to bring them together, so that by an exchange of ideas up to date methods may be employed in all of the western states to get out the Republican vote. The conferences, which are expected to extend over two days, will be entirely informal.

The first session of the western Republicans was called to order at 2 p. m. in the Antlers hotel by Mr. Hitchcock. He made a short talk, at which he said he wanted the men to know each other, and that if nothing more was accomplished he would feel that the assembly had been worth while. After that a general discussion of the needs in the various states was had.

William Hayward, state chairman for Nebraska, explained, in great detail, a card system which he maintains for the Nebraskan voters. A poll is made each year by precinct leaders, and data of all kinds gathered to be used as a guide in sending out campaign arguments. The sessions held are all executive. Because of the late arrival of some of the men from the northwest an automobile trip was taken during the forenoon, and the first session postponed until this afternoon.

REFUSES TO CAN VOICE

Roosevelt Will Not Make Talking Machine Speeches.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 16.—President Roosevelt has refused an offer to make speeches into the receiver of a talking machine for the purpose of making records for public sale.

The President attended to official business this morning and this afternoon he assisted Mrs. Roosevelt in entertaining the members of the St. Hilda society of Christ Episcopal church.

AMEND POSTAL LAWS.

Washington, July 18.—Two important orders amending the postal laws and regulations have just been promulgated by Acting Postmaster General Grandfield. One provides for the destruction of all money order statements rendered by postmasters and all paid money orders certified to or by the exchange offices designated for conducting money order transactions with foreign countries and all coupons of issued international money orders after three years following issuance instead of seven years. The second order provides that Sundays and holidays will not be counted in vacation leaves of absence in the case of postal employes.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

Christianity excludes malignity, subdues selfishness, regulates the affections. It would unite men in one great brotherhood.

MONDAY.

Why should we then burden ourselves with superfluous cares and fatigue and worry ourselves in the multiplicity of our ways? Let us rest in peace. God Himself inviteth us to cast our cares, our anxieties upon Him.

TUESDAY

If you say, "I am hedged about, I can do nothing, and fain would help, but cannot," your very longing is help. It is never true that we are not helpers; where the fervent heart is, there is the servant of God.

WEDNESDAY.

Keep yourself sunny and the Lord will take care of your saintliness.

THURSDAY.

Then murmur no more,
In lull or in roar,
But smile and be brave till the voyage is o'er.

FRIDAY.

Let the morrow rest
In His beloved hand;
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand—
If, trusting Him who faileth never,
We rest on Him, today, forever!

SATURDAY.

Kindness is the music of good-will to men, and on this harp, the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Dress and Character

The fashions are something we pay very little attention to on this page, not because pretty clothing is to be despised, but we seem so absorbed in other things there is little opportunity to discuss the subject of dress, and just here I want to say this is not a fashion article. I am not at all up-to-date in such matters, and could not possibly give you the "latest wrinkles." However, there are phases connected with the matter of dress which are of far greater importance than its newest fashions.

To a great extent, the manner in which one dresses is an indication of one's character. The women of uncivilized races decorate themselves according to their crude ideas of beauty. They never are troubled about the fashions. Their efforts at adornment appear rude and outlandish, and they do not change with the seasons. Their crude adornments are typical of the mental ability of the women who wear them. A string of teeth, or a necklace made of the claws of animals is to them, beautiful, while to civilized people they are emblems of savagery.

And, by the way, we are not above reproach in the matter of savagery, though we are improving. Women who wear birds on their hats, or any sort of trimmings which have been obtained by the sacrifice of the songsters, have a trace of savagery in their makeup. With most of those who are guilty of this bad taste, it is a case of thoughtlessness. They are not inherently cruel, but they are not awakened. The laws against killing birds for millinery purposes are becoming more and more stringent, and each season fewer hats are shown which are trimmed with stuffed birds, twisted by the milliner into painfully distorted positions. Personally, I should as soon wear a stuffed cat on my head as a bird that has received "stuffed cat" treatment. Beauty and cruelty never go together, and there is always cruelty before a bird is ready for millinery purposes.

There is a meaning attached to all colors. In fact, among recent fads, there is what is called the psychology of colors. It is unnecessary to go into details about this, except to say that white is all that is desirable, while black represents everything that is the opposite. Of course neither black nor white are really colors, but they are so commonly worn that I am taking them for special mention.

There never is a time in a woman's life when she may not wear white and be the better for it. It is always beautiful and becoming, and it is a pity that to wear it involves so much extra labor and expense, if these things must be taken into consideration.

Whether she is able to or not, every mother longs to dress her baby in white, and she frequently does, even when she cannot afford either the strength or time to keep the dainty garments in order. White is the emblem of everything that is fair and lovely, and, to be clothed in its spotless purity, is to be clothed in garments that are representative of the highest degree of spirituality. Think of this when you put on a white gown, and may it be your good fortune to put one on often.

When women arrive at an age where they call themselves elderly, it is a common thing for them to think that anything except black is too youthful for them to wear. This idea, like many another old fallacy, is getting worn down pretty thin. The associations connected with black are dark and gloomy. It is the sign of sorrow and mourning, and, being so, it cannot help but affect one's health and spirits to be always swathed in these habilments of woe. Even the doctors are acknowledging the deleterious effect of wearing too much black. There are so many subdued colors which are appropriate for elderly women that it is easy enough to get away from the gown of shadows.

The other day I saw a woman, past sixty years of age, who was as pretty as a picture. She was not one of your "fine lady" women, either, as her life had been one of much work, and many cares and anxieties. The day I saw her was cool, and she was dressed for traveling. Her gown was a dark blue mohair, plainly made in skirt and shirtwaist style. With it she wore white muslin turned back cuffs, and a turn-over collar. The collar of her gown brought out the sheen of her white hair, and the color of her eyes. They were as blue as the fair heavens and her cheeks were tinted like a pink rose. I thought when I looked at her how her eyes and hair and complexion would have been deadened if she had been dressed in black, but she wasn't, and she made a picture I shall long remember. If she made a picture to me that left a pleasant memory, she would surely do as much for others.

Figures to brighten God's world is what we believe we should strive to be. The body is the house of the soul, and we should keep it worthy of its tenant. ELIZABETH AYRES.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

THE EVIL OF GOSSIP.

I have been reading some letters written for the Cozy Corner, on gossip, and they are so much related to my views on the subject, I thought I would write something, too.

Gossip is a poisonous reptile which coils itself over this broad land of ours. It takes deep hold upon its victims, and at last drags them down to sin and degradation. Every community has more or less individuals who take a delight in bearing evil reports from one home to another, in order to bring about ill feeling among those who have been at peace with their neighbors.

You remember Christ said: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

We cannot be God's children and speak evil of our fellow beings. He has commanded us to love our neighbors as we love ourselves, and wish them success through life. Reporting things we have heard, often causes much trouble. Because we have listened to disrespectful conversation about a neighbor is no reason why we should cause strife by placing the conversation in the maligned one's ears. Let us rather be silent, so that peace may abound. We may have things spoken of us in a disagreeable manner, but should we let the evil that exists in this mortal body overrule love and charity by returning evil for evil? Why, the Bible tells us to love even our enemies, and pray for them.

The bite often stings and causes our minds to be inflamed with angry thoughts, and words of unkindness fall from our lips, but if we would return charitable gifts, manifesting love both in word and deed, some of this gossip would disappear. I hate, despise and abhor the very sound of the word gossip. One tale bearer can scatter more fire in a community than anything else imaginable.

The human tongue is uncontrollable. Everything in creation can be brought to control except the tongue. The wildest and most vicious animals that inhabit the globe have been tamed, but the little member called the tongue will never be.

You often find church members engaging in the iniquity of gossip; people who claim to be sheep of the Lord's pasture, and with little children following in their footsteps. If we have been born again and have the love of God in our hearts, we are going to put it to better use than to gossip. Simply belonging to the church or some Christian organization, is no sign that we are true followers of Christ. "A good tree beareth good fruit, but a corrupt tree beareth evil fruit." I sometimes think the church serves as a hobbyhorse for some people to ride off on to hide their wrongdoings. We should not judge unjustly, lest we be judged with the same judgment, but it is very plain to discern, sometimes, that wearing the cloak of religion does not make us religious.

We should "let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and be constrained to glorify our Father which is in Heaven." The field is wide and the laborers are few. There's work enough for each one to do, sister and brother, so that we may leave gossip alone. If we cannot say something that will cheer the broken-hearted and raise the fallen, let us keep a still tongue, for it maketh a wise head.—Mrs. W. H. Fogleman.

WAYS OF DOING THINGS.

I enjoy reading the Cozy Corner letters so much, I feel I am receiving many favors, much good advice and encouragement, while I am doing nothing in return. So I write, if only to let you know how much I appreciate your letters. I feel almost as if I were acquainted with you all, and, in the hope of aiding or encouraging some one, I will tell you about a few of my ways of doing things. I am not strong, yet I do my housework, cooking and washing, for my husband, my nephew and myself. I manage so as to have as little washing as possible. I use paper napkins instead of cloth ones, replacing them, when soiled, with new ones. I use linen napkins only when I have company. As to housecleaning, I don't mind it, because my husband helps me. We take pleasure in revarnishing the furniture, sweeping the ceilings and around the walls, and scrubbing the floors, and, after they are dry, putting things in order. Then I keep my floors clean as long as possible, for one "keep clean" is worth half a dozen "make cleans" with me.

I like to work in the garden, and I enjoy the beauties of nature. Home here is lovely to me, yet I often think how much more lovely our future home will be in Heaven, in our Father's house of many mansions, in the city not made by hands, whose builder is God, eternal in the heavens. Let us all try to live so we can have a home there, for if we reject the love of God in this life, and miss a home in Heaven, we reject and miss all that is worth living for.—Mrs. S. T.

MOTHERHOOD A JOY.

"I thought I would step in and say "Amen" to what Happy Mother N. M. G. wrote. I, too, believe home should be the mother's world. True, the mother must miss many things that are termed pleasures, because of her family cares, but what are fleeting pleasures compared with the real joy of motherhood? Who would give away one of baby's smiles for all the lodges in creation? How I envy the mother with her little ones clinging to her skirts in their helplessness. She whose noble sons and talented daughters are reproductions of her former self. How much joy is hers that can never be mine! You say:

"Oh, there is such a responsibility in raising a family."

Yes, there is; but if you were suddenly relieved of the responsibility, if no little ones ever came to you, if you could always have a clean house, no little finger marks on the white table linen, no playthings scattered about, no patter of little feet on the stair—then, dear sisters, there would be a longing in your heart and an ache in your arms for the blessing of children. So, mothers, give them all the loving thought and care while you have them. They stay by your hearth so short a time; they grow to maturity so quickly.

I was at a mothers' meeting recently, where the subject of child training was discussed. The topic was, "What Must the Children Do on the Sabbath in Order to Keep the Day Holy Without Making It Tedious for the Little Ones?" One idea was for the mother to read Bible stories; another was for the children to tell, in turn, what their teacher had taught them in Sunday school, and to tell, also, as much of the sermon as they could remember. Another suggested that they play quiet games.

Again I say, mothers, appreciate your little ones while you have them, for the time will come all too soon when they will go out into the big world, never to return to you as your special charges.—Childless.

A CORRECTION.

Did anyone try the shortcake recipe which appeared in the Contributed Recipes of July 9? If they did, they must have thought it was long cake, as the half cup of butter was omitted. —Mrs. A. A. B.

Below is the recipe as it first appeared, only don't forget it should include a half cup of butter:

One quart of flour, four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cup of sugar, enough sweet milk to make a soft dough. Roll about one inch thick, cut in biscuit form or squares, and bake. When cold, slice and cover with sweetened berries and cream.

INQUIRY.

Will some of the sisters please send a recipe for making salad out of young and tender beet stems? I boil them in salt water and season with vinegar and pepper, but wish to know a better way. —Olive K. Deweese.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. C. Berkhimer:—Thank you for your kindly offers of assistance. We shall publish The Johnstown Flood as soon as we can get to it. We have several copies of the verses, so you need not take the trouble to send us another. Much obliged, just the same.

Old Vet:—The Managing Editor of The Weekly Blade and the Household Editor give you a rising vote of thanks for your letter of approval. There is danger when we receive praise like yours that we shall get to feeling "too smart," but we'll hoop our heads if we see signs of their swelling.

"To see some folks, it would seem that they have entirely forgotten that they married for the purpose of being happy themselves and also to render their chosen partners happy." Don't you be "folks" of that kind.

Your editor knows that these are too busy times to expect many letters from the housewives. However, we'll keep things going till you can write again. During the past week Mrs. E. P., Grey Wing, Old Vet., W. Va. Blue Belle, and Illinois, have written.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left hand corner of the envelope.

However clean kettles may be washed they are sure to leave a dark mark on the wall or woodwork against which they hang. Fasten up a newspaper wherever your pans or kettles may be hanging and keep your wall clean.

Julia Ward Howe a Composer

JULIA WARD HOWE.
Author of The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

On her eighty-ninth birthday, celebrated a few days ago, Julia Ward Howe, the noted woman suffragist, appeared before the world for the first time as a composer with a volume of fourteen songs, from the press of G. Schirmer. It is called the Howe Album, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote a poem for it, while Laura E. Richards, the well known writer of children's stories, wrote an introductory note. Mrs. Richards is Mrs. Howe's daughter, and she says that music has always played an important part in her mother's life. In her girlhood Mrs. Howe studied the piano with a pupil of Cramer, while her voice, a fine soprano, was carefully trained by Gardini, an intimate friend of Garcia, whose methods he employed. Mrs. Howe gave some attention to harmony, but the little songs she composed have been rather native birdnotes than the result of study.

At the earnest wish of her children and grandchildren she finally consented that some of these songs should be published. Composed at intervals through a period of 70 years, they reflect varying moods of the different phases of a long life. For half a dozen of the fourteen songs making up the book, Mrs. Howe supplied the words as well as the music. The other eight numbers represent tuneful settings she has made for two poems of Goethe and one each of Wordsworth, Charles Kingsley, Robert Herrick, James Russell Lowell, Mrs. Browning and Lord Byron. The character of the music is simple, but the harmony is good, the musical sentiment noble and the melodies attractive and eminently singable.

The American public has long known her as the author of the stirring Battle Hymn of the Republic. Her name was placed, as a matter of course, on the tablet to our patriotic composers placed in the Boston library a few years ago by one of the revolutionary societies. She wrote that song nearly 50 years ago, while on a visit to the Union camps near Washington. On the way back, that day, in 1861, she remarked to a friend—that had been singing the John Brown song—that she had always wished to write some verses that might be sung to that tune.

"That night," she says, "I went to bed as usual, and slept soundly after our long, cold drive. It must have been at the earliest touch of dawn that I awoke, and, lying in bed, I began in my mind to twine the long lines of a hymn that promised to suit the measure of the John Brown melody. I wrote it out in the dark and went to sleep again."

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.; Mental, moral and social improvement.

Today we head the column with a descriptive letter, which is both pleasing and profitable to read.

For some time I have wished to become a member of the M. G. R.'s, and seeing that "Welcome" is over the door to anything except books, authors and favorite heroes I shall venture to tell you of a trip my parents, brothers and I made to Oklahoma. We arrived about the middle of April and had a very enjoyable trip viewing the points of interest in Athens, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City and Lawton. In Athens we saw the Ohio university grounds. We were in Cincinnati in the evening, so saw only some of the business part of the city, which included the city building and a walk through the Arcade. The most interesting points in St. Louis where the depot and the Mississipi river. We just took a street car ride in Kansas City.

Lawton is only seven years old and claims a population of 15,000. We bought a quarter section south of Lawton.

The Wichita mountains can be plainly seen from where we are. We are planning a camping trip to see the Buffalo reservation there. I had feared we would be entirely out of civilization here, but we are only two and one-half miles from the railroad station and have rural delivery.

A short time ago we took a drive down the Big Pasture which was opened for settlement about two years ago. The prairie has been covered with flowers all the time since we came. As soon as one kind stops blooming, others begin.

Cotton is the principal crop here. I had never seen cotton growing before, as we had always lived in Ohio, near the Ohio river. It is planted thickly in rows, and when it gets from eight to ten inches high, it must be chopped out, leaving plants about fourteen inches apart.

Some few wolves still remain in this vicinity. Just before we reached our destination we saw a wolf. The men in the baggage car shot at it, but did not succeed in killing it.

The old Indian chief, Geronimo, lives in Lawton. It is said that he possesses 99 scalps and wants another to make an even hundred, at any rate he is guarded, or so I was told.

I am a schoolteacher, having taught in several towns in Ohio, and it is my intention to teach here. As you may imagine, we sometimes get homesick to see the river and trees; still we like Oklahoma very much. Sincerely yours.—Comanche Girl.

This beautiful July morning fills me with love and sympathy for all who are deprived through sickness, of God's choicest blessings—sunshine, birds and flowers. Naturally my mind reverts to Mary V. Who told us in her letter of her physical condition. Dear Mary, we all pity you and feel so thankful that the God whom you profess to love has snared your mother to minister unto you. While we hope and pray for your recovery we remember your allegiance to Christ means eternal life where there are no tears, sorrow or pain, and where invalids never need fear "frowns at their approach." Do not say that again, Mary. I was benefited by your letter, and trust others were, I trust you will soon come again with your lesson of love and patience which we all are in so much need of.—Lovingly, a Benefited Member.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—Will you admit another Ohio girl to your circle? I enjoy reading the M. G. R. letters. I just finished reading English Lad's letter and think it fine.

My father has been a subscriber to The Blade for a number of years and could not do without it. I passed the required age to enter your circle two years ago, but could never find courage to write until now.

I think if everyone would follow the motto, "try again," and the M. G. R. motto, what grand and noble lives we should lead, providing we were devout followers of the Bible.

I live in the country on my grandfather's farm. I think the country is the best place to live. I am fond of flowers, reading and music. I am my mother's assistant housekeeper.

I will close by describing myself. I am eighteen years of age, am five feet seven inches tall, have dark auburn hair and gray eyes, and weigh 150 pounds. With best wishes to all.—Buckeye Maude.

Well, well. I have been listening to the M. G. R. letters and have enjoyed them very much, but I have been somewhat timid about writing until I saw the announcement that descriptive letters would be acceptable. Then I thought, "I will write a description of our little village."

Theresa is situated in the northern part of New York state. It holds a commanding position, being built upon a hill overlooking a calm, gliding stream called the Indian river. It is surrounded by beautiful lakes which, with the alternating hills, valleys, rocks, and verdant growth of trees and vines, present picturesque scenery, at sight of which visitors and strangers exclaim with delight. It seems as if the village itself had been built by the hand of an artist.

It contains about one thousand inhabitants, four fine churches, three hotels, a number of stores and blacksmith shops, two grist mills, and a foundry; also an excellent high school. The streets are brilliantly lighted by electricity generated from the river. On Saturday evenings we are entertained by as fine a band as there is in northern New York, and this with our ball teams and other entertainments, affords us excellent and diverting amusements.

Since I am a new member I hear someone asking for an introduction, so I will try to satisfy you. I am five feet seven inches tall, have light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and weigh 124 pounds. My occupation is school teaching. I have taught four years and enjoy the work very much, as I am greatly interested in children and each year seems more delightful than the preceding one.—Andie.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

I am a young girl sixteen years old and live with my father and mother on a large farm at the foot of Prospect Hill, in Michigan. We have a large lake near our house and several groves. Devil's Lake is about three miles from my home, and I enjoy going there in summer. It is a very pretty place.

On our farm we raise large quantities of poultry, stock and grain. I have been attending the high school at Brooklyn, Mich., and am going back as soon as my teacher is able to open her room again. I have brown, curly hair and the girls at school have nicknamed me—Crinkle.

I have been a reader of The Blade for some time and the more I read it the better I like it, especially the M. G. R. I could never find out how people get into the M. G. R's, and so I thought I would write a line or two and see if you would accept a Buckeye Bach. I see you have them from other states, so why can there not be a few more? I don't suppose it would make any difference. If you admit me to the band, I will come again in the future.

If I had a woman to sew on one patch, I would not sign my name—Buckeye Bach.

I am a girl sixteen years of age. I live in the country, four miles west of Centerville, on a sixty-acre farm. My father is a bee keeper. He has about 80 swarms of bees. My father has taken The Blade for many years and I enjoy reading the letters from the young people.—Mamie A. Brown.

I am from the Empire state and always read the letters in the M. G. R., and am very much interested in them. N. Y. M. from Hornell, you and I are almost neighbors, and I think Maude does not live very far away. I was born in the country, but live in the city now. Give me city life for mine.—Crystal City Kid.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

Are you all being good? If not, "get busy."

"BILL EN I."

We uster sit out on the steps—
Bill en I—
Seein' who 'ud see the first
Lightnin' fly,
Wen the darkness chased away,
The hot en sultry day,
We sat talkin'—Bill en I,
Watchin' fer the lightnin' fly.

Pa en ma come out with us,
Bill en I,
En we all together watched the
Lightnin' fly;
Bill en I hinched closer then,
(Thet was long 'fore we was men),
We felt afeard—Bill en I—
Watchin' fer the lightnin' fly.

Somethin' uv that fear is with
Bill en I,
Though no time we sit en watch
The lightnin' fly;
There's somethin' in the ways,
Darkness comes on July days.
Though we cannot watch the fly,
It's that's the matter.—Bill en I.

Pharlenia Courtright.

We have had several requests to start a new list of questions. We have the list ready, but out of fairness to those who wrote weeks, and sometimes months ago, we wish to give their letters to the light of day before another discussion is "set a-goin'." Have a little patience.

Letters received in the past week's mail are from Thelma, of W. Va., Sunshine, Black-Eyes from W. Va., Bill Hardy, Belle Burnette, Grandpa, Lava Chatterbox Brown-Eyed Maggie, Hiawatha of Georgia, W. Va. Scout, Jolly Jayhawker and Theodore.

There is such a confusion of "eyes" in the M. G. R. circle I wish you young folks would think of names to take other than Blue-Eyed Mamie, Brown-Eyed Jennie, etc. Why not take something more original?

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GERMAN RECIPES.

Perhaps it is scarcely necessary for me to tell you that the following recipes were sent by German Blonde, who enclosed them in a nice note to the Cozy Corner, which will be printed later.

German Dill Pickles.—Wash the cucumbers with a little brush, taking only medium sizes. Cover with cold water and a very little salt. Let them stand in this over night. The next day take them out of the brine, wipe dry and pack closely together in stone jars, using one large dill to every layer of cucumbers. To each gallon jar, add two small red peppers, two teaspoonfuls of peppercorns, four bay leaves and three rounds of horse radish root. To five or six quarts of water, add one pound of rock salt and a teaspoonful of alum. Bring the mixture to boiling, then add one quart of good, pure vinegar. Let come to the boiling point again, then pour the hot mixture over the pickles, covering them well and tight while hot. Fresh dill is the best, but you may use a tablespoonful of dill seeds to every quart of cucumbers. I always use fresh dill as I have some in my garden.

German Sweet Pickles.—Take three or four dozen cucumbers of medium size, one pound of string beans, two cauliflowers, and one pound of pearl onions. Put them all in brine for three days. After this soak in vinegar and water for a day or two. If the cucumbers are too big, cut them lengthwise. The beans may be cut in half. Remove all the green leaves from the cauliflower, and use only the flesh, cut in small sections. After this, cover with fresh grape and cherry leaves, and add a little alum. Put over the fire for a few minutes to green. To seven pounds of this mixture, take one quart of vinegar, three pounds of brown sugar. Spice with cinnamon, cloves and white ginger root. Boil this for two hours, then set away to cool. The next morning boil again for two or three hours and then pour over the pickles.

German Salad.—Boil six eggs very hard and when cold, slice them. Take a small head of cabbage and a large boiled beet. Cut the cabbage very fine. Make a nest out of lettuce leaves in a dish. Season the cabbage with salt and pepper. Lay slices of beet and egg around the dish. Whip a pint of cream with a little vinegar and sugar, and pour over the whole.

To Keep Foods in Summer

It is a foregone conclusion that all experienced housekeepers know how best to keep foods in the summer, and, in fact, during any period of the year, still there are many points that even experience may not have taught, and as this is an all-important subject, especially during the warm weather, it would be well to know the simplest method by which foods may be successfully preserved.

As it is air, moisture and warmth that are responsible for the change in foods, especially albuminous substances, these elements should be kept from the air, heat and moisture. If one has a storeroom, it should be in a cool and absolutely dry part of the house. Nearly all dry groceries such as rice, tapioca, meals, grain, raisins, etc., it is best to keep in large, wide-mouthed jars, for these are easier kept clean and the contents may readily be seen and such jars may be practically air tight. Smaller glass jars or bottles may be used for such things as soda, cream of tartar, spices, etc.

Although it is an old custom to keep tea and coffee in tins, large-mouthed glass bottles, such as are used for preserves, will be found far more satisfactory receptacles for tea and coffee.

Wooden buckets with covers are convenient for flour and sugar, but care should be taken to keep them in a dry place and to keep them always covered. Any articles which have the slightest moisture should not be kept in tins; in fact, tin is not at all desirable, for unless tins are thoroughly cleansed and sunned frequently, they are not fit to keep anything in. It is strange that so many people use tin milk pans for they are far more care and not nearly as healthy as enamelware or jars, or even bottles.

Butter is one of the most serious problems, and while it is cheaper to buy large quantities at a time, so few people really have a good place for it that it is not advisable to get it unless it can be properly kept. It should be kept in a wooden tub, tightly covered, and a piece of new muslin, just the size of the top of the tub, should be wet with cold water and thickly covered with salt, and kept over the top all the time. For daily use small quantities can be kept in the refrigerator in a large glass jar or crock, so that opening the tub will not be necessary very often during the week.

Fruit should be kept in a cool, dark place and separated as much as possible, all decayed parts being removed. Lemons keep best in cold water. Put them in a crock or jar and cover them with water which should be changed each day.

Better than tin bread and cake boxes are earthenware ones with covers which have a tendency to keep the bread and pastry a little moist. Care should be given these, and they should be frequently cleaned and aired.

The cellar is the best place to keep canned goods, as these are hermetically sealed and consequently unaffected by possible dampness.

THE POETS' CORNER

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

By Thomas Gray.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or Wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of their soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

This famous poem is too long to publish at one time in The Poets' Corner. The rest of its verses will head the column next week.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

By Chares C. Sawyer.

During the battles of the rebellion, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon say that he could not live he placed his hand across his forehead, and, with a trembling voice, said: "Who will care for mother now?"

Why am I so weak and weary?
See how faint my heated breath.
All around me seems darkness.
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah, how well I know your answer;
To my fate I meekly bow.
If you'll only tell me truly,
Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen.
Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will dry the falling tear?
Gently smoothe her wrinkled forehead?
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her
Kneeling, praying for me! How
Can I leave her in her anguish?
Who will care for mother now?

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky.
Hasten, comrades, to the battle.
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen.
Who will care for mother now?

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR

By D'Arcy.

'Twas a balmy summer evening and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square;
And as the songs and witty stories came through the open door,
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said. "The wind has blown it in."
"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whisky, rum, or gin?"
"Here Toby, seek him if your stomach's equal to the work—
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy as a turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace;
In fact, he smiled as tho' he thought he'd struck the proper place.
"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd—
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink—that's what I want —I'm out of funds you know,
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow.
What! You laugh as if you thought this pocket never held a sou,
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks; that braced me nicely; God bless you one and all;
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make another call.
Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs are going fast.

"Say! give me another whisky, and I'll tell you what I'll do—
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too,
That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think;
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give us another drink.

"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame;
Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserable tame;
Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whisky, too,
Well, here's luck, boys, and landlord, my best regards to you.

"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.
As I told you, once I was a man with muscle, frame and health,
And, but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth.

"I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks and wood.
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good;
I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame',
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and added to my name.
And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me;
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smiles were freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give,
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;
With eyes that would beat the Kohinoor, and a warmth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the way;
And Madeline admired it, and much, to my surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown,
My friend had stole my darling, and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys, Why, I never saw you smile,
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while.
Why! What's the matter friend? There's a tear-drop in your eye;
Come, laugh like me, 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you give me another whisky, I'll be glad,
And I'll draw, right here, a picture of the face that drove me mad.
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score—
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the bar-room floor."

Another drink; and with chalk in hand the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might be the soul of any man.
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture—dead.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

When we first parted from you,
In sorrow, grief and trouble, too,
You gave to me the parting hand
And wished me safe to Cumberland.

When we did on our journey steer
Over high hills and rivers clear,
Through a desert wild, a barren land,
We steered our course to Cumberland.

When we were on the ice and snow,
It rained, it hailed, the wind did blow,
And some of ours did mourn and cry;
"It's sure with cold we all shall die."

But, bless the Lord, relief is found;
We're landed here all safe and sound,
In a lonesome place, but a fertile soil,
With milk and wine, both corn and oil.

I've one more line to write to you—
Religion's dull and the preachers few,
But we're here in peace and like to be
With the Indian tribe on the Tennessee.

Now, if on earth we should meet no more,
I hope we'll meet on Canaan's shore;
There we'll meet and happy be
With the Indian tribe on the Tennessee.

POEMS WANTED.

One of our friends would like very much to have the poem beginning:

Live for those who love you,
Whose hearts are kind and true.

Who knows the song called Mary and John? The first line is:

Mary and John down in a distant village.

A LITTLE CHAT.

Next week the last half of Gray's Elegy will be published. Other fine poems which will appear in the near future are: The Creed of the Bells; The Children, by Charles Dickens; Evening at the Farm, by J. T. Trowbridge; The Challenge; and many other standard pieces of poetry. Meanwhile, the requests will be attended to as rapidly as possible.

Poems received in answer to requests are: Sally Salter and the Preacher; Little Rocket's Christmas; Casey at the Bat; Blue Bell; Knights of the Milking Pail; Bunker Hill; Wearing of the Green, and The Bells of the Village. Sally Salter and the Preacher is also known by the title, The Lovers.

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The BEST COMPOSITION

Stories which describe the simple affairs of life, or are built on simple incidents, are more enjoyed by readers than any other kind. This is illustrated in the following little story which may be taken as a lesson by those who think they would like to be story writers.

Andrew was usually a good-natured boy, with laughing brown eyes and a pleasant mouth; but one Saturday morning he sat at his mother's writing desk and was, to use his own language, "cross as a bear."

"I feel real growly," he told himself.

Mother always allowed Andrew to write his compositions at her desk. He had a new tablet, and a new pencil, with a fine point. Certainly there was no visible cause for him to feel "growly."

"What's the matter?" asked mother, looking up from her book.

"Can't do it, that's all," said Andrew, and he threw down his pencil. It rolled off the desk and broke its point on the floor. Andrew picked it up, saw its condition, and said he didn't care. He was feeling "snappy" by this time.

"You haven't told me what's the matter," said mother.

"Matter enough," said Andrew. "We have to choose the subjects of our own compositions. I always did like to write compositions. I can write on anything if I have a subject; but I never chose a subject in all my life, and I can't do it, either. All I can think of is the weather, and I've had all the seasons."

"If I were you," said mother, "this is what I would do. I'd take a good look round the room and decide which object is the most insignificant, and that object should be the subject of my composition."

Andrew brightened. He loved plays and puzzles. His eyes laughed again and his mouth was pleasant as he searched for the most insignificant object in the room.

"Whoever writes the best composition, mother," he said, "is to wear the school medal for a week. Oh, I have it, mother! I'll not tell you what it is because maybe it might be the best, and then you'd be glad."

When his mother left the room to go shopping, Andrew's head was bent over her writing desk, and his pencil, with a new point, was hard at work.

Andrew carried his tablet to school and put it with the others on the teacher' desk. He gave a funny little laugh as he went to his seat.

The teacher read the compositions while the class studied the lessons for the next day. At 3 o'clock she stood with the medal in her hand.

"Andrew's composition was by far the best," she said. "Come, Andrew, here's your medal. Tomorrow I'll read the composition aloud."

The teacher smiled as she gave the medal, and Andrew smiled as he received it. Then the boy started for home on a run.

"I won the medal, mother," he cried. "My composition was the best. And what do you think it was about? Your old glue pot!"

SAID 'USE CUTICURA'

Doctor Resorted to It—In Bad Case of Eczema on Child—Disease Had Reached a Fearful State—Pain and Itching Were Terrible.

HIS ORDER RESULTED IN CURE

"When I was small I was troubled with eczema for about three months. It was all over my face and covered nearly all of my head. It reached such a state that it was just a large scab all over, and the pain and itching were terrible. I doctored with an able physician for some time and was then advised by him to use the Cuticura Remedies which I did and I was entirely cured. I have not been bothered with it since. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, but do not know exactly how much was used to complete the cure. I can safely say that Cuticura did a lot for me. Miss Annabel Wilson, North Branch, Mich., Oct. 20, 1907."

DREW MURDER MYSTERY

Dead Girl's Aunt Says She Was with Her on Fourth of July.

Troy, N. Y., July 17.—No solution is yet in sight of the mystery surrounding the murder of Hazel Drew, whose body was found a week ago on the bank of Teal pond.

The statement made by Carrie Weaver in Dayton, O., yesterday, that she and Hazel went on a trip to New York on July 3 and returned on the following day, is evidently an error so far as dates go. The girls made the trip to the metropolis May 29, and returned here on the following Monday morning. Hazel at that time told her friend she intended to take a trip to Lake George the Fourth of July, and when she left the home of Mrs. E. C. Cary, where she was employed, on the morning of the Fourth, Mrs. Cary supposed she was going to make the trip.

Hazel spent the Fourth with her aunt, Miss Minnie Taylor, at Rensselaer park, this city, and in Schenectady.

"Hazel was with me here and in Schenectady on the Fourth," said Miss Taylor today. "She had intended to take a trip to Lake George, and wanted me to go with her, but I didn't want to go there on that day because the trains are so crowded on holidays. Hazel did not inform Mrs. Cary of her change of plans, but I am sure she had not intended to deceive her."

Hazel was ill for two weeks last winter at the home of her uncle, William Taylor. Her brother Joseph says that no physician was called, and he does not know the nature of the girl's illness. As soon as she had recovered she obtained employment at the home of Prof. Cary, where she remained until a few days before her murder.

That Hazel had very little money with her at the time of her death, probably not more than a five-cent piece that was found in a finger tip in one of the gloves, is the opinion of the authorities.

AIR JOURNEY IS DELAYED

Count Zeppelin's Balloon Damaged on Eve of Starting.

Friedrichshafen, July 15.—A further accident to Count Zeppelin's balloon this morning prevented the 24-hour trip which was scheduled for today.

The damage caused yesterday to the mammoth airship by a defect to the steering gear had been fully repaired and Count Zeppelin had decided to start on his 24-hour flight this morning. Following this program, the balloon was brought out of its shed at 11 o'clock. The crowd mounted its platforms and everything was in readiness for a departure when the order to start off was given.

Responding to the maneuvers, the bow of the ship rose in the air and the motors were started. Then, before sufficient way had been acquired to permit of proper steering, a gust of wind blew the airship against the side of the floating shed. The side steering gear of the ship hit the walls of the hall, twenty yards of the outer rubber-covered silk covering was torn away and the side propeller was bent. The balloon remained hanging in this position for ten minutes, its bow in the air and its stern resting in the water. It was eventually freed from this position and towed back to the shed.

An inspection of the damage was made, after which it was announced that it would take a week to effect repairs. Consequently, the long flight will have to be postponed for at least seven days.

EXPIRE IN SUICIDE PACT

Aged Couple, Side by Side, Fatally Inhale Gas.

New York, July 18.—What appears to have been a suicide pact between an aged couple was discovered by the police late last night when they broke into the room of Kilanen Panzer, 65, and his wife Theresa, 62, and found the man and his wife sitting side by side, with their hands clasped, and each with a gas tube between their lips.

On a table a German prayerbook was lying open, with the following passage in it marked:

"Lord, now let Thy servant depart in peace, according to his work."

An old pocketbook with eleven pennies in it was also found, and an unsealed letter, stating that the couple was tired of the struggle for existence, was picked up on the floor.

8 DIE DUE TO 1 SUICIDE

Cause of Latest German Mine Disaster Is Ascertained.

Berlin, July 18.—An investigation of the dynamite explosion of two days ago in the dynamite storeroom on the seventh level of one of the collieries near Borbeck, in which at least eight men were killed, indicates that the explosion probably was the result of the successful attempt of a miner named Spitznas to commit suicide. Spitznas had had domestic difficulties and had threatened to take his life.

FOILS WOULD-BE LYNCHERS

Sheriff Spirits Arkansas Negro Away from Five Hundred.

Hot Springs, Ark., July 18.—But for prompt action on the part of Sheriff Buchanan in spiriting him away, quick punishment would doubtless have been inflicted on Clayton Jackson, a negro, last night by a mob of about 500 persons, who surrounded the jail.

Late yesterday Albert Crawley, a young white man whose home is in New York city, and who came to Hot Springs several days ago without funds, applied to Jackson, who was employed as a cook in a boarding house, for food, offering to do manual labor in return.

After working some time Crawley, it is said, asked for the food, declaring that he was too weak to continue the task. An argument followed and Crawley was shot and fatally wounded. Jackson, when arrested, admitted the crime, but claimed he acted in self defense.

ENGLAND ALERT FOR YANKEE BEEF TRUST.

London, July 16.—Pressed to take action to prevent the American beef combine from obtaining control of the retail beef trade in Great Britain, Winston Churchill, president of the Board of Trade, today informed Lord Robert Cecil in the house of commons that the operations of the six firms constituting the beef combine were receiving the careful attention of the government. Mr. Churchill said that his investigations thus far had not yet convinced him of the necessity of appointing a house of commons committee of inquiry.

STEVE ADAMS ACQUITTED

Jury Decides Miner Did Not Murder Collins.

Will Not Be Tried on Any Other Charges Against Him.

Grand Junction, Col. July 16.—Steve Adams, of the Western Federation of Miners, has been acquitted of the charge of having murdered Arthur Collins, and the other charges against him in connection with alleged outrages committed in the name of the Federation, will be dropped, the Colorado officials being convinced they cannot secure Adams' conviction.

This is the third rebuff the prosecution have experienced in the famous miners' trials. First came the Moyer-Haywood decisions in Butte, where the eloquence of Clarence Darrow, counsel for the miners, got them out, after the remarkable series of confessions of Orchard, who won the title of world's champion bad man. And now comes the acquittal of Adams, with the likelihood that there will be no prosecutions growing out of the historic labor troubles in which the western miners were thrown into bull pens and following which Governor Steunenberg was murdered.

Alleged Confession Excluded.

Adams' alleged confession of the crime of killing Collins was excluded as evidence by Judge Shackelford, and eight witnesses testified to an alibi for the accused man.

Collins, who was manager of the Smuggler Union mine at Telluride, was shot on the night of November 19, 1902, while playing cards in his office.

Thanks the Jury.

After the clerk of the court had read the verdict, Adams was ordered discharged by Judge Shackelford. He immediately stepped to the jury box, shook hands with each of the jurors, and thanked them for finding him not guilty. He also thanked the members of the Western Federation of Miners who are here, for their support and encouragement during his long imprisonment and trial.

Adams left the court room with William Easterly, another prominent Federationist, and joined Mrs. Adams in the hotel where she had been staying during the trial.

HUGH M'CURDY IS NO MORE

Ex-Chief of Knights Templars Dies in Michigan.

Corunna, Mich., July 16.—Hugh McCurdy, ex-head of the Knights Templars in the United States, and one of the most promient Masons in the country, died today at his home in this city, after a long illness. He was 79 years of age.

Litigation with the county in which he lived, over a loan which he made to enable the county to build a courthouse, is thought to have hastened his end. He is survived by a widow and one son. Mr. McCurdy was one of the greatest authorities on Masonic jurisprudence in the country.

FIND PLOT AGAINST CZAR

More Than 100 Arrests Made by Authorities.

Berlin, July 15.—A news bureau has received a private dispatch from Sosnowice, Russian Poland, stating that a plot against the life of Emperor Nicholas had been discovered there.

The conspiracy, according to the dispatch, was well planned, and had many ramifications. More than a hundred men and women were arrested at Sosnowice, charged with being implicated in the plot, and other arrests are pending.

The railway station is guarded by gendarmes and Cossacks, and frontiers are being closely watched.

FOR UNIFORM LADING BILL

Commercial Bodies Will Make Demand at Seattle.

New York, July 18.—When the commissioners on uniform laws meet at Seattle, August 20 ,they will be waited upon by committees representing the great commercial bodies of this and other cities and urged to draft a bill of lading to put an end to wnat shippers term gross frauds which they declare have made bills of lading unsafe instruments of credit. This is a result of the announcement of the interstate commerce commission that is has not sufficient authority to order the railroads to revise their methods of issuing bills of lading to meet the objections which the commercial bodies raise. It is the plan to have the new bill, which is expected to be drafted by the commissioners on uniform laws, introduced at the next session of congress.

GOULD CASE NOT ENDED.

Ready for Trial, Despite Rumors of Reconciliation.

New York, July 17.—Contrary to the rumor that Mrs. Frank J. Gould had been reconciled to her husband, and that their differences had been amicably settled, Mrs. Gould's suit for divorce is on the motion calendar of the supreme court today, and it is expected that it will be brought to trial within the next few weeks.

All efforts of friends of the young couple to bring about a settlement of their marital difficulties without resort to the divorce court are said to have failed. For several weeks, it is reported, both Mr. and Mrs. Gould have had detectives at work getting evidence for the coming trial.

NAMES EXPOSITION CHIEFS

Roosevelt Appoints Government Managers for Fair.

Washington, July 15.—President Roosevelt has appointed the following United States government board of managers of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition to be held at Seattle, Wash., next year:

Assistant Secretary of the Interior J. E. Wilson, W. De C. Ravenel, of the National Museum, and W. M. Geddes, of the treasury department, secretary and disbursing officer. Congress appropriated $600,000 for the government and territorial exhibit and for necessary government buildings at the exposition.

NAME RECEIVER FOR BIG DETROIT FIRM

Cameron Currie Company Obligated to Extent of $1,045,000—Firm Member Brings Suit.

Detroit, Mich., July 18.—The brokerage firm of Cameron Currie & Co., of this city, today went into the hands of a receiver through a bill filed in the Wayne circuit court by Cameron Currie against his partner, Louis R. Case, asking a dissolution of partnership. Fred G. Austin was appointed receiver by Judge Mandell, with a bond of $250,000. It is said that no other Detroit financial institution is involved in the difficulties of Currie & Co.

Practically the only charge which Mr. Currie makes in his bill for the dissolution of partnership is that Mr. Case, in taking orders from customers, did not secure enough cash to cover the purchase of stocks and bonds by the firm, and that the firm in this way became obliged to others to the extent of about $1,000,000. According to Judge Mandell, Mr. Case admitted this charge.

Mr. Currie stated today that the receivership had been determined upon after a thorough discussion of the firm's troubles, as the best way of weathering them, and the most promising manner of collecting the heavy indebtedness from customers whom they had been carrying on their books.

The firm of Cameron Currie & Co. consists of Cameron Currie, Louis H. Case and Clarence Carpenter, special. The firm was organized in 1892, and Fred S. Osborne was a member of it until 1901. Mr. Case succeded him when Mr. Osborne withdrew. Mr. Currie is a member of the New York Stock Exchange, Boston Stock Exchange, New York Produce Exchange, Chicago Stock Exchange and Chicago Board of Trade. Mr. Currie is also a director of the copper range Consolidated company, Baltic Mining company and the copper range railroad company.

TWENTY-FIVE DROWN

Pleasure Launch, with 75 Passengers, Caught in Typhoon Near Manila.

Manila, July 16.—A pleasure launch, bound from Manila to Corregidor island, carrying about 75 passengers, was caught in a typhoon today and foundered.

It is believed 25 of the passengers, including three Americans, were drowned. The others, numbering about 50, were picked up by the British steamer Suveric, which was passing close to the launch when it foundered.

The Suveric lowered boats immediately and those together with boats from other craft that came to the rescue, picked up the 50 passengers with much difficulty. It is reported an army surgeon is among the lost. Details of the disaster have not yet reached Manila.

Corregidor island is at the entrance of Manila Bay, 30 miles distant from the city.

MURDERS TWO AND SELF

Jealous Chef Shoots Woman and Her Companion at Portland, Ore.

Portland, Ore., July 20.—David Connelli, chef at the Arlington club in this city, last night shot to death Mrs. Dolly Sharp and a man whose name has not yet been learned.

Connelli was pursued to his own room, some fifteen or twenty squares distant, by a howling mob of several hundred men and boys. Once in his room Connelli turned the key in the face of his pursuers and before they could force their way in he blew his brains out.

The cause of the tragedy has not been ascertained, but it is understood Connelli had been paying attention to the woman and he became maddened with jealousy upon discoverng her in the company of another man.

CLEVELAND BANK CLOSES

Slow Run Drained Vaults of Farmers and Merchants'.

Cleveland, O., July 17.—Owing to a run that gradually drained its vaults of currency, the Farmers and Merchants' Banking company, at 3837 West Twenty-fifth street, failed to open its doors this mornning.

Later in the day a deed of assignment was filed in the insolvency court and Edward S. Purney was appointed receiver. The bank was capitalized at $100,000. The assets and liabilities are each estimated to be about $600,000. The run upon the bank started in a small way two months ago, when two or three of the smaller banks failed here. The bank could not realize upon its securities, and, as a result, it was decided to close the doors.

It is said the securities, when realized upon, will be sufficient to pay all depositors in full.

SUDDENLY CRAZED, SLAYS

Hitherto Peaceful Inmate of Institution, Vicious.

Pittsburg, July 16.—Suddenly seized with a mania to kill, George Tusel, an inmate of the insane department of the Allegheny city home at Claremont, near here, slew Harry Speller, also an inmate, and injured two guards who fought a desperate battle with the lunatic before overpowering him.

Tusel was committed to the institution eight months ago and was one of the most peaceful of the charges. He was given light tasks to perform about the department and with a brush weighing about sixteen pounds, was put to work polishing a corridor.

Shortly after beginning the work Tusel encountered Speller, who was lying on one of the benches in the corridor. Without warning he brought the brush down on the head of Speller, breaking his jaw bone and fracturing the skull.

HONOR AMERICAN BISHOPS

Tuttle and Lawrence Receive Degrees at Cambridge.

Cambridge, July 16.—Honorary degrees were conferred today upon a number of archbishops and bishops attending the Lambeth conference. The prelates thus honored include Bishop Tuttle, of Missouri, and Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, who received the degree of LL. D.

The public orator paid a tribute in a speech in Latin to the American bishops, referring to the literary skill of the bishop of Massachusetts, whom he said, Harvard university was proud to claim as an alumnus.

BOY ATTACKED BY BEES.

Rochester, Mich., July 17.—Charles Jungle, 17 years old, while working in a field near here, was attacked by a swarm of bees and so badly stung that a physician's services were necessary to reduce the pain and swellings.

ENDS HIS LIFE AS SISTER DID.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 18.—William Moffitt, of Sistersville, W. Va., who came here to attend the funeral of his sister, Stella Moffitt, who committed suicide last Tuesday, last night ended his own life in a manner almost identical to that employed by the young woman.

Both took carbolic acid at the home of their parents.

Grief and despondency over his sister's death is believed to have prompted Moffitt to self-destruction.

WILL CONTEST IS LIKELY

First and Second Wives of Leeds May Clash.

New York, July 15.—The will of William B. Leeds, who died in Paris June 23, will be offered for probate next month, according to information received from abroad by friends of Mr. Leeds. The will is in the possession of Lewis Cass Ledyard, Mr. Leeds' attorney, who is still in Europe, and will be brought over by Mr. Ledyard early in August. It would surprise none of Mr. Leeds' friends if the proceedings for probate were followed by a spirited contest.

The information received by Mr. Leeds' friends is that the will cuts out absolutely the first wife of the testator, Jeanette Irene Gear Leeds, who is now living in Richmond, Ind., the home town of both Mr. Leeds and his first and second wives.

The first Mrs. Leeds, a daughter of a Richmond banker who assisted Mr. Leeds materially in his early business career, got a divorce from her husband after they had been married seventeen years. This was in 1900, and it was reported widely that she received at the time $1,000,000 in lieu of alimony. This report, it was declared yesterday, was erroneous, though the first Mrs. Leeds never took the pains to deny it. It was asserted that she was so anxious to get a divorce that she made no fight for a money settlement.

Though the will makes no provision for the first wife, to Mr. Leeds' son by that wife is bequeathed $1,000,000, either outright or in trust. This son, Rudolph Leeds, is 22, is married, and lives in Richmond, Ind. An unsuccessful contest by his mother could not jeopardize his inheritance, while a successful contest would largely increase it.

The will is understood to bequeath an estate valued at between $8,000,000 and $10,000,000. The second Mrs. Leeds, formerly Mrs. Nonnie May Stewart Worthington, is bequeathed all of Leeds' personal property.

COST OF 3-CENT FARE

Three Killed, 85 Injured in Two Months by Cars in Cleveland.

Cleveland, O., July 20.—In the two months, up to July 1, that the Municipal Traction Company has had control of the street railway system, three persons were killed and eighty-five were injured in car accidents, according to the police reports. From the same authority it was shown that three horses were killed, twenty-three wagons, carriages and buggies were either wrecked or seriously damaged, and half a dozen automobiles struck by cars.

An investigation showed that personal injury cases were taken into the justice of the peace courts for settlement which were never reported to the police. Statements by the police also set forth that from 20 to 30 per cent more accidents than are reported to them occur monthly.

An alarming feature of the reports is the increase in the list of injured for the month of June over that of May. In June fifty persons were hurt, while in May thirty-five received injuries.

More than 60 per cent of the injured were hurt either while getting on or off the cars. The remaining 40 per cent were struck by cars while crossing the street or riding in various kinds of vehicles.

Cleveland has had nearly three months of three-cent street car fare and two of the monthly reports have shown a deficit. A similar report is predicted for July. The operating expenses and fixed charges have been from $40,000 to $50,000 a month in excess of the earnings. The municipal Traction Company, which is operating the local lines under a lease, also is under a promise to give free transfers July 28. The revenue from transfers has been about $30,000 a month, a cent each having been charged.

Several weeks ago President A. B. Dupont, of the operating company, stated that he expected the company to lose money during the first year. One drawback the company sustained was the strike in May, when very few patronized the cars. This was followed, not only by heavy strike expenses, but inexperienced conductors who did not collect all of the fares. The officials of the company still express the belief that three-cent fare will pay in time.

An important meeting of the directors will be held Tuesday to consider the inauguration of free transfers, and other vital points. Transfers may be made free for a time as an experiment, to see if it will increase the patronage.

"The property will not be turned back to the old company if we have to charge the highest rate of fare allowed by our franchise," President Dupont has said.

The franchise permits a rate of six tickets for 25 cents.

The operating company's franchise has been attacked in court and also will be voted upon under the state initiative and referendum law.

HANGED DESPITE PRIESTS

Catholic Father Pleads in Vain with Colorado's Acting Governor.

Canyon City, Colo., July 16.—Calling down maledictions on the Roman Catholic priesthood and shouting in Italian "Long live Italy," "Long live the Protestants," Giuseppe Alia, who murdered Father Lee Heinrichs, at the altar of St. Elizabeth's church, Denver, was carried to the death trap exactly at 8:30 last night and paid the extreme penalty of his crime by hanging. His neck was not broken, owing to slipping of the rope, and he died by strangulation.

Believing that Alia would not be hanged until Friday, Father Bernard, pastor of St. Elizabeth's, yesterday dispatched Father Wulstean to Canon City to see Alia and urge upon him repentance for his deed and to express to him the sympathy of the monks. It was Father Wulstean who administered the last sacrement of the church to Alia's dying victim and it was the desire that he perform the same service for Alia. He was also selected for the mission because he was educated in Rome and speaks Italian as fluently as a native. It was thought that he would have all of today to labor with Alia and bring him to a realization of his situation.

SAYS HE SLEW FIVE

Negro About to Be Hanged in West Virginia Makes Confession.

Clarksburg, W. Va., July 17.—Frank Johnson, a negro to be hanged at the Moundsville penitentiary this evening for the murder of Mrs. Beulah Martin, colored, it is said, has made a startling confession to his ministers in which he admits murdering five persons. Following is a list of his alleged victims:

Unknown man in 1896, at Blossburg, Ala.

Edith Hannah, at 81 South Peoria street, Chicago, in 1904.

Blue, of Shippensville, Pa., in 1906.

A woman, name unknown, at 132 South Seventh street, Steubenville, O., Nov. 16, 1907.

Mrs. Beulah Martin, colored, of Gypsy, W. Va., in March, 1908.

In his confession Johnson says his real name is Edward Walton.

KEARSARGE EXPLOSION

Five of the Fireroom Crew Are Seriously Injured in Accident

Honolulu, July 20.—By the bursting of a steam pipe of the forward boiler of the battleship Kearsarge, of the Atlantic fleet, five of the fireroom crew were injured seriously.

The accident occurred late Saturday, but the news did not become generally known until this morning, the Kearsarge being anchored in the harbor distant from the shore.

Fires were drawn after the accident and the steam plant was disabled for nine hours.

NEW PREMIER FOR PEACE.

Marquis Katsura Proclaims Himself Devotee of Dove.

Tokio, July 17.—Marquis Katsura, new premier and minister of finance of Japan, today granted an interview to The Associated Press outlining the policies to be carried out during the government's administration. He said:

"The recent change in the cabinet was on account of the continued illhealth of Premier Saionji, although there may have been other unessential reasons. My policy will be peaceful, the prime object being to maintain peace throughout the world. The disturbance of Japanese finances, on account of the war with Russia, must be allayed within the shortest possible time, and redemption bonds, more especially those that are unproductive, will receive my first attention."

NO LET-UP TO TRACK WAR

Acting District Attorney Will Prosecute with Vigor.

New York, July 18.—Declaring that race tracks as they are conducted today are simply disorderly resorts, Acting District Attorney Elder, of Brooklyn, today made it clear that the campaign which he is waging to suppress betting on the races will be continued with vigor. Several arrests for violation of the anti-gambling laws were made at the Brighton Beach race track yesterday.

Cup of Coffee Brings $3,000

Plymouth, Mass., July 18.—A woman who gave a cup of coffee to another woman in a Boston depot years ago has been rewarded by a gift of $3,000. Mrs. B. Lilley, a wealthy New York woman was the benefactor, and the good Samaritan was Mrs. Harvey Bartlett, of Wellingsley.

Mrs. Bartlett was in the Kneeland street station of the Old Colony railroad, when an elderly woman, a stranger, attracted her attention. She appeared ill, and Mrs. Bartlett got her a cup of hot coffee.

The woman she had succored did not forget her. The following Christmas she sent Mrs. Bartlett a box of gifts and since then has remembered her with presents.

A climax in her gratitude has now been reached, for she has sent Mrs. Bartlett $3,000 in good paying stocks in a New York manufactory, and given her the option of disposing of her shares at their cash value, or keeping them for the 8 per cent dividend they will pay.

SUIT INVOLVES $36,000,000 IN BONDS

Estate of Former Governor of Utah Sues Railroad Companies.

San Francisco, July 15.—A suit involving $36,000,000 worth of bonds, with interest, was filed in the United States circuit court here yesterday by the estate of the late Charles Durkee, a former governor of Utah, against the Southern Pacific Railroad company, the Union Pacific, Central Pacific and subsidiary companies, the Central Trust company of New York, Farmers' Loan and Trust company of New York and E. H. Harriman.

The plaintiffs ask the court to require the Southern Pacific company and others named in the suit to make an accounting, and also that a receiver be appointed for the holdings of the defendants. Governor Durkee was chief executive of the Territory of Utah in 1865. It is alleged in the complaint that during the period of construction of the Union Pacific railroad he acquired $9,000,000 of construction bonds, and that later he took $27,000 of the first mortage bonds. The plaintiffs claim no accounting was made for these bonds.

It is alleged the claim of Governor Durkee to the bonds was accounted by C. J. Folger, a former secretary of the treasury.

Another charge is that an effort to defraud Governor Durkee out of a just claim was made when the Union Pacific was merged into the Union Pacific Railroad company.

DOUBLE TRAGEDY

Merchant Shoots His Best Friend and Then Himself.

Frankfort, Ind., July 20.—Pulling the trigger of a hammerless revolver, while in such a condition that he did not know what he was doing, Clarence Jones, a merchant of Hillisburg, a small town east of this city, sent a bullet through the brain of his best friend, Claude Pruitt, and then, learning that Pruitt was dead, walked to the rear of his store, placed the muzzle of the same revolver against his right temple and sent a bullet into his own brain, dying almost instantly.

Claude Pruitt, John Pruitt, Ray Clark, Milo Bolt and Arthur Smith, all good friends, gathered at the Jones store, at Hillisburg, Saturday night, to help drink a case of beer that Jones had received from this city, Hillisburg being a dry town. On the 7 o'clock Lake Erie train they received a second case of beer, and when, at 9 o'clock, Jones closed his store, they drew the blinds and began playing poker. The men remained at the store until 3 o'clock Sunday morning, when the tragedy took place.

At 9 o'clock the wives of Bolt and Claude Pruitt drove up to the store and told their husbands that they were ready to go home. The women were sent home in one buggy, the men remaining and intending to use the other buggy when they went home. After disposing of the beer the men prepared to leave for their home. As Jones arose from the table where they had been drinking and playing cards, he made a move with his right hand as if to draw a revolver and Pruitt, seeing the motion, remarked: "If you draw that gun I'll make you eat it."

The next instant a shot rang out and Pruitt, who was standing within three feet of Jones, fell with a bullet through the brain, the shot having entered just above the left eye. All except Jones ran from the building. Bolt was the first to return, and he called to John Pruitt, a brother of Claude, to come and help him with Claude, as he was badly hurt. As John Pruitt came into the store he called out to Jones not to shoot any more.

When Bolt saw that Pruitt was dead, he turned to Jones, who was standng near the body with the revolver still in his hand, and told him that Pruitt was dead. Jones replied: "Well, if I have killed him I will kill myself," and, as he finished speaking, he turned and walked to the rear door of the store and shot himself.

Both of the men belonged to prominent families in the county and both were married, Jones having a wife and two children, while Pruitt had been married less than a year.

A year ago a man moved into Hillisburg from the southern part of the state after he had accidentally shot and killed a friend. The story was told to Jones, who remarked at the close: "My God, if I should do a thing like that I would kill myself." He kept his word.

Pruitt and Jones had been fast friends for years, having been reared as boys together, and they were constant companions. Pruitt was a cousin of Sob Pruitt, who was shot and killed at a dance in this county two years ago by William Pitzer, who was acquitted at the trial, it being shown that Pruitt was the aggressor and that he had made threats against Pitzer.

DEATH HALTS WEDDING

Captain Blasis Dies Before Ceremony Is Performed.

Cleveland, O., July 17.—Death has cheated Captain Julius A. Blasis, of Battery A, of his bride. At his side when the end came was Stella V. Sheehan, his fiancee. Plans had been made for a deathbed marriage ceremony, but he died before they could be consummated.

The wedding originally was to have been solemnized in June. Miss Sheehan, a teacher in St. Clair school, had prepared her trousseau. The ceremony was to be shortly after the schools closed for the summer vacation. Just before the wedding day Captain Blasis was stricken with Hodgkins' disease.

He went to the hospital under protest. One condition he imposed—Miss Sheehan, his sweeheart of years, must take up her quarters there. He must have her at his side. She needed no urging.

As the end approached, Captain Blasis seemed to realize it. Miss Sheehan consented to a deathbed wedding. Tuesday was fixed as the day. But Tuesday found him unconscious, weak and delirious. It was out of the question. Then death came.

The funeral will take place from St. Agnes' church, Euclid avenue and E. Eightieth stret, Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock.

Captain Blasis was about forty years old and was engaged in the real estate business, with offices in the Williamson building. He was prominent in Republican politics, serving as a deputy under former County Clerks Vail and Contes, and was extremely popular among the rank and file of the party.

AERONAUTS WILL CONTEST

Hoped Congress Will Appropriate Airship Fund.

Washington, July 15.—With the arrival at Fort Meyer this week of the dirigible balloon of Captain Thomas S. Baldwin there will be inaugurated the first series of aeronautical tests held under patronage of the government. The tests of heavier-than-air machines and dirigible balloons the next two months will have the attention of aeronauts throughout the world. Their importance, however, will center principally in the efect they will have upon congress, as it is hoped by the signal corps, under whose direction the tests are to be made, that the results will convince congress of the necessity for funds to carry on experiments.

RUSSIA TO TAKE CENSUS.

St. Petersburgfi, July 18.—The council of ministers has approved a project for a general census of the population of Russia, to be made toward the end of the year 1910.

Auto Is Held Useless for War

New York, July 18.—That the automobile is useless for military purposes is the gist of a report filed today at the department of the east, U. S. A., on Governor's island. The report, signed by Lieutenant Colonel Glenn, Twenty-third infantry, and Captain Johnson, Fifteenth cavalry, refers to tests at Pine Plains, N. Y., during the thirty days' army maneuvers there. Two machines, said to be among the most powerful ever manufactured in this country, were at the comamnd of the officers.

The report says that during the maneuvers the automobiles were not available for use more than two-thirds of the time, while when they were in use there was no telling when they would go out of commission.

MANY SHOT IN RIOT

Attack Is Made on Train Bearing a Load of Strikebreakers.

Birmingham, Ala., July 18.—Robert Gardner, a deputy marshal, was fatally wounded, and at least a dozen miners were shot and wounded as the result of an attack yesterday at Jefferson on a train bearing strikebreakers to Adamsville. The train was in charge of thirteen deputies. It is said the union miners attempted to induce the strikebreakers to leave the train and threatened to kill them if they went to work.

Governor Comer has ordered a company of cavalry from Montgomery to the scene and troops already on the ground are under arms and will patrol the district, preventing further disorders.

Thousand Shots Fled.

Deputy George Smith estimates that no fewer than a thousand shots were fired by both sides in the attack at Jefferson. According to Smith, the engagement was opened when a train bearing fifty strikebreakers attempted to leave Jefferson for Adamsville. Prior to this a number of union miners had made overtures to the strikebreakers to join their ranks, threatening at the same time to kill them in case they attempted to work the mines of the operators. In this emergency the deputies attempted to have the train run out of Jefferson under fire if necessary. An open switch, however, brought the train to a stop and in this predicament the deputies and strikebreakers were fired upon.

Bullets riddled the train, and that many were not killed is due to the fact that they fell to the floor and remained there. Thirteen deputies returned the fire and they declare at least a dozen miners were either killed or seriously wounded. The engagement was stopped when the switch was closed, enabling the train to proceed.

The militia has reached Adamsville, the reports from which place were greatly exaggerated. There was a sharp brush at Adamsville yesterday afternoon, three strike sympathizers being wounded and thirteen arrested. The soldies are encamped there.

Governor Comer has placed the troops of the state in the hands of Sheriff Higdon, and he will order out as many men as are deemed necessary.

Report Another Battle.

A report was received at the sheriff's office that a battle had taken place at Blossburg and that numerous men had been killed or wounded. State troops will soon be en route to that place, and if the guards, as is reported, are in distress, they will soon be relieved.

GENERAL ASSASSINATED

Young Officer Slays Osman Pasha, Commander at Monastir.

Saloniki, European Turkey, July 18.—Gen. Osman Pasha, commander of the Turkish forces at Monastir, was assassinated in the barracks at Monastir today by an officer connected with the "young Turkey" movement.

The general only yesterday sent out a notification that amnesty would be granted to all Turkish officers who were compromised in the recent mutinuous disorders in Macedonia, and this murder, following so closely upon the assassination of Gen. Shemsi Pasha, in the same city under similar circumstances, has created a great sensation.

Constantinople, July 18. — The "young Turkey" propaganda in the Turkish army in favor of autonomy to Macedonia appears today to be more widespread than heretofore has been admitted, and forebodings are expressed in official circles of a general revolt of the officers of the second and third army corps, stationed in the Monastir district. There have already been some mutinies in individual battalions.

IS HELD CONSTITUTIONAL

Cleveland Court Upholds Initiative and Referendum Law

Cleveland, O., July 18.—The state initiative and referendum law was held to be constitutional today by Judge Chapman, in common pleas court. The test case will be carried to the state supreme court, however, for final decision.

The suit was brought after an effort was made to have a vote taken upon the franchise granted by the city council to the Municipal Traction company. An election has been ordered by the city council.

The law was passed by the state legislature last winter.

MONEY FOR WAR BALLOONS

Washington, July 18.—Encouraged by the general interest manifested in the coming Fort Myer balloon tests and prompted by the advancement of other nations in aeronautics. Brigadier General James Allen, chief signal officer, and the board of ordnance and fortifications of the war department, will recommend the appropriation by congress next winter of $1,000,000 for aeronautics. With the money General Allen proposes to erect two balloon stations on the Atlantic coast at New York and at Fort Monroe, Va., and to purchase two balloons of the type of the Republique, the immense dirigible built by the French government.

SIGN SAVES THE SAFE.

Jackson, Mich., July 17.—"This safe is not locked," was the sign on the safe in the office of the McLaughlin Ward Elevator company. It was a device to save the safe, and it worked well Wednesday night. Thieves broke into the office, opened the safe door, pried out the steel cash box with the arm of a pair of scales, and taking the box outside on the railroad track smashed it open and secured $24.80 for their night's work. It is believed to be the work of tramps. There is no clue.

TOLSTOI COURTS DEATH

In Making a Vigorous Attack on Russian "Government by Execution."

London, July 15.—The Daily Chronicle today prints three close columns of the most passionate and severe indictment ever penned by Count Leo Tolstoi, the Russian author, in which he shows all his old vivid literary skill, of the present system of "government by execution" in Russia, the article concluding with a noble appeal to the better nature of his countrymen.

During the course of the article the count writes:

"I can no longer endure it. I write this * * * * either that these inhuman deeds may be stopped, or that my connection with them may be snapped and I be put in prison where I may be clearly conscious that these horrors are not committed on my own behalf, or still better (so good that I dare not even dream of such happiness) that they put on me as on those twenty or twelve peasants, a shroud and a cap, and may push me also off a bench so that by my own weight I may tighten the well-soaped noose around my old throat."

Describes Executions.

After describing wholesale executions in gruesome detail, Count Tolstoi says:

"All this is carefully arranged and planned by the learned and enlightened people of the upper class. They arrange to do these things secretly at daybreak, and they so subdivide the responsibility for these iniquities among those who commit them that each may disclaim responsibility; and not these dreadful things alone are done, but all sorts of other tortures and violence are perpetrated in the prisons, fortresses and convict establishments; not impulsively under the sway of feeling silencing reason, as happens in fight or in war, but, on the contrary, at the demand of reason and calculations silencing feeling. What is most dreadful in the whole matter of this inhuman violence and killing, beside the direct evil to the victims, is that it brings a yet more enormous evil on the whole people by spreading depravity among every class of Russians."

Tolstoi instances the shocking spread of greed among ruffians to obtain money by executing condemned prisoners, and says: "Awful as are the deeds themselves, the moral and spiritual unseen evil they produce is incomparably more terrible."

With regard to the government's contentions that there is no other way to suppress the revolutionists, Count Tolstoi, while admitting that the revolutionists' crimes are stupid and reprehensible in the highest degree, accuses the government of doing the same thing for the same motive, and adds: "All the revolutionists' bombings and murders do not come anywhere near the criminality and stupidity of the deeds the government commits."

Pursue Same Objects.

Tolstoi urges, at length, that both revolutionists and the Russian government are pursuing the same objects by the same criminal means, and that if there is any difference it is in favor of the revolutionists.

EULENBERG NEAR DEATH

Trial in Connection with Court Scandal Postponed.

Berlin, July 17.—The trial of Prince Philip Zu Eulenburg on charges of perjury in connection with court scandals of last year was indefinitely suspended today because the prince is in a half dying condition. He has been growing steadily weaker during the eighteen days of the trial. The hearing began first with four hour sessions in the criminal court buildings. These latter were shortened to three and then to two hours a day, and the court was transferred to a room in the Charity hospital where the prince is confined.

GIRLS PHONE AMID FIRE

Remain in Burning Building and Warn Residents.

Greenwich, Conn., July 18.—When fire threatened to destroy every edifice in Greenwich, Clara Talbott and Alice Grunold, telephone operators, though the building was on fire, stuck to their posts until all nearby places had been notified.

The fire started from children playing with matches.

A double brick wall between the postoffice and a carriage repository saved the business section. The wall hurled back the flames which leaped across Lewis street and took huge mouthfuls of the Allen and Hassett buildings in which were the Boston dry goods store, the feed store of Timothy Laughlin and the machine shop of John Kirhoffer.

Loss, $230,000.

FIVE BALLOONS TO RACE

Fielding, Recent Winner, Not in St. Paul Contest.

St. Paul, Minn., July 18.—Everything is in readiness for the international balloon race scheduled to start from Lexington baseball park today. Five balloons made famous in races in America and abroad are to participate.

The Fielding, winner of the recent Chicago-to-ocean race, has not arrived. The other entries and pilots are:

United States, A. E. Mueller, America, P. Hudson; Pommern, winner of the St. Louis race, Dr. Julius Thomas; Chicago, C. L. Brumbaugh; King Edward, Lieutenant Bennett.

DOUKHOBORS PUT TO ROUT

Canada Pursues Policy of Extermination.

Yorktown, July 17.—Ten mounted policemen attacked the Doukhobor compound near here yesterday to arrest twelve ringleaders of a band of 100 that is confined there by the government.

The entire band fought fiercely for three hours with sticks and other weapons but were hammered down.

Six men and six women were sent to the northern penitentiary yesterday. This policy has been adopted by the Canadian government to break up wandering bands of this class.

BIG AUTO TURNS TURTLE

Touring Car, Carrying Politicians, Lands in Gully.

Colorado Springs, Colo., July 21.—A big touring automobile which was carrying H. C. Bursum, chairman of the New Mexico Republican state committee; W. E. Martin, a prominent Republican leader of New York, and F. L. Weed, a stenographer, who accompanied Chairman Hitchcock, of the Republican national committee, turned turtle in the Garden of the Gods at noon yesterday and landed, badly damaged, in a deep gully.

The car became unmanageable through some defect in the steering gear, and went over a ditch, landing upside down. All of the occupants except the chauffeur jumped before the crash came. The driver was pinned under the wrecked machine, but was not hurt. Several cars immediately back of the wrecked machine were in danger of being dragged into the gully.

PROHIBITIONISTS JULY 21.

National Campaign Will Be Started at Evanston, Ill.

Chicago, July 21.—Announcement is made at the Prohibition national headquarters that Eugene W. Chafin, nominee for president, will address the first rally of the national campaign today at Evanston, Ill. Other speakers will be National Vice Chairman A. G. Wolfenbarger, of Lincoln, Neb.; Samuel Dickie, member of the national executive committee; State Chairman Alonzo E. Wilson, of Chicago, and National Chairman Chas. R. Jones.

Vice Presidential Candidate Aaron S. Watkins, of Ada, O., will deliver his first campaign address August 13, at a rally and picnic at Sylvan Dell park, Lycoming county, Pa. Beginning on Sept. 1, both candidates are scheduled to enter on extended campaign tours, Mr. Chafin going to the Pacific coast and returning through the southern states and the Atlantic coast states to New England. Mr. Watkins, according to present plans, will go from Ohio through the South Atlantic states, thence west to California, Oregon and Washington and back by way of Chicago.

SQUIRREL IS LIKE A CAT.

Travels 8 Miles to Return to Former Home.

Columbus, O., July 21.—John McClay, day officer for the state house and grounds, yesterday threw himself clearly open to the charge of nature faking of the first order, by telling the following squirrel story. Some weeks ago a pet fox squirrel was presented the adjutant-general and placed with the others in the state house grounds. It was so tame that when any one called its name, it would come down from a tree and eat out of his hand. Two weeks ago "Whiskers," that was his name, disappeared. Much to McClay's surprise the squirrel appeared at his home eight miles from Columbus Sunday morning, having made the entire distance on foot and in spite of the human and brute enemies in the way, and took up his residence in the door yard of the former keeper. Fearing that his story would be questioned, McClay called in his neighbor, W. H. Benham, who was well acquainted with "Whiskers" when he was a denizen of the state house yard, and had him identify the squirrel and attest to his presence at McClay's home.

INSPECTOR TRAPPED SELF.

How Neal's Trick on Deputy Recoiled With Effect.

Northville, Mich., July 21.—A few weeks ago State Inspector Neal received information that one of his deputies was getting too active in behalf of one of the candidates for governor and to test him sent some Warner petitions and a letter suggesting that while he could not circulate them himself he thought he might like to get some one to do it.

The deputy did not circulate them nor did he get anyone to do it, but he did do just about what was expected. Thinking that all the deputy oil inspectors had received similar messages, he thought it would be a good "knock" on the head of his department to have the letter published, thinking Neal would never guess which deputy did it.

TARS ROMP AT HONOLULU.

Fleet's Men Entertained by Islanders in Various Ways.

Honolulu, July 21.—Boat races, basket ball and other sports today, and tonight a gala performance of the old comic opera The Mascot, arranged by the society women of Honolulu, were the chief features in the day's entertainments of the officers and men of the Atlantic fleet. There was also an excursion to Pearl Harbor, where Rear Admiral Sperry and staff went to inspect the site of the new naval station for the islands. The battleship Missouri, of the third division, which, with the Virginia, Louisiana and Ohio coaled at Lahaina arrived today, thus completing the list of sixteen ships of the fleet.

TAFT TO LEAVE SPRINGS.

Will Go to Oyster Bay, Then Cincinnati.

Hot Springs, Va., July 21.—Mr. Taft will leave here tomorrow night for Oyster Bay where he will take lunch with the President on Thursday. He probably will go to New York Thursday night and leave New York for Cincinnati Friday afternoon or night.

FALLING ROCK KILLS TWO.

Miners Meet Death After Firing a Blast.

Scranton, Pa., July 21.—Falling rock in the Green Ridge colliery here today killed Samuel Edmerson and Michael Colobar, both miners. The men had fired a blast and had just returned to the chamber when they were crushed by the fall. They leave large families.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together. I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

TANG WILL THANK AND GET $ $ $ $

Chinese Emperor Appoints Him to Express Boxer Indemnity Gratitude, but Pekin Editors Suspect Double Purpose.

Washington, July 21.—It is up to the watchdogs of Uncle Sam's treasury to be on guard with extra vigilance just now.

An Associated Press dispatch today, under Pekin date, casts doubt as to the real mission of Tang-Shao-Yi, a Chinaman of high degree whom the emperor of the Celestial Kingdom has appointed special ambassador and minister-peniplo—whatever it is, and then some more titles, and whose duty it will be to come to the United States and formally thank the government for having returned to China part of the Boxer indemnity that China paid to America.

Now this is all right so far as it goes, but it appears the sleuth-like instincts of the Pekin editors and reporters divine in the journey of Mr. Tang-And-The-Rest-Of-It a more sinister motive than than errand of thankfulness. They suspect Tang's real purpose in coming to America is to enlist American capital for Manchuria.

In other words, Tang will come before the big ones at the national capital with a fat smile on each cheek and many eloquent words of thanks in Chink dialect which a slippery-tongued interpreter will twist around into Yankee phrases, but report from the Oriental capital has it he will also have both hands outstretched for round, flat American dollars to boost Chinese interests in Manchuria. Whether he will secure the cash—well, as the novels says—"we shall see, we shall see."

Incidentally, the following is the edict issued yesterday by the emperor of China:

"Since the signing of the treaty between America and China the relations between the two governments have been most sincere. Now that America has returned a portion of the Boxer indemnity, China should send an envoy to Washington for the purpose of conveying the thanks of the government for this act. Therefore, let Tang-Shao-Yi receive the rank of president of the government board and proceed to the United States."

Drop a Penny in Slot and Hear Bryan Make a Speech

Chicago, July 21.—Drop a penny in the slot and get a Bryan argument.

In other words, the Democratic managers have "got the jump" on their rivals of the other parties and the "canned oratory" which monopolizes one-third of the penny-in-the-slot phonographs in Chicago and outlying districts has been supplied by the national committee.

The casual investor in the penny machines, who came yesterday with his wife or sweetheart to listen to the strains of "In the Shade of the Oak Tree, Genevieve," or to witness the troubles of a man shooing a chicken out of a parlor, found himself confronted instead by "The Cross of Gold," or the iniquities of the tariff on silk shoestrings.

The small boy who dropped his penny for a sight of the aforesaid cross howled wrathfully after being victimized, but failed to get his penny back.

Sentimentally disposed females who invested one cent for an opportunity to thrill over the minors of "After Many Years," bitterly inveighed against those who set to music the desire of the Democratic hosts to "Sit in the Dear Old White House Once Again."

Bryan to Substitute the Pen For Tongue During Campaign

Columbia, S. C., July 21.—"Mr. Bryan's campaign will have at least one novel feature," said William E. Gonzales, editor of The State, who has returned from a trip to the west during which he twice visited the Democratic standard bearer at Fairview. "That feature will be the resort to the pen rather than to the tongue, to the press rather than the platform.

"When I appealed to Mr. Bryan to make as vigorous canvass as in 1896," said Mr. Gonzales, "he reminded me that he was now 12 years older, 'and besides,' said Mr. Bryan, 'believe I can be more effective in writing arguments for Democracy that newspapers can use if they will, over my signature.'

"I believe when I saw him last week, it was Mr. Bryan's intention to deliver two, perhaps three speeches in New York state, one of them in New York city and six or eight speeches in the states of Illinois, Ohio and Indiana. He proposes to discuss fully some one Democrat principle in each of these addresses. The remainder of the campaign Mr. Bryan expects to stay at home and prepare letters or articles in the nature of signed editorials for such newspapers as will use them. He will also discuss the issues with any Democratic speaker who wish to consult him."

THE FULL DINNER BUCKET

Industrial Conditions Have Improved and Business Activity Is Accelerated.

St. Louis, Mo., July 21.—Under the caption of "Back to the Full Dinner Pail and Regular Dividends," a pamphlet describing the present conditions of capital and labor as contrasted with those of last winter and spring, has been mailed broadcast throughout the country by the National Prosperity association. This association was organized in St. Louis two months ago to further the return of normal business conditions and was responsible for having June 1 named as "employment day."

Many Given Work.

In part the article says:

"Thirty days after we had begun our work the spirit of encouragement had developed such strength locally that between 17,000 and 20,000 men were put to work in the industries and commercial establishments of St. Louis and its suburbs, and orders for $5,000,000 worth of goods to increase stocks were given.

"The re-employment idea proved widely infectious. Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago and many smaller places took up the proposition, adopting dates to suit each community.

"Results are evident. Business activity has been accelerated. There is a co-operative expression of confidence everywhere. There is less reckless agitation against business and industrial interests. There has been more improvement in present days than has followed any preceding panic in a corresponding period. We believe that if level-headed, common sense, straightforward business men will pull together we can get back to a healthy and prosperous condition in six months instead of taking from three to five years to complete the restoration, as has been the case with former panics."

Edison Plant Resumes.

Orange, N. J., July 21.—The plant of Thomas A. Edison, which employs 2,000 men, resumed operations on full time yesterday, after running on a reduced time schedule for many months.

Open With Full Force.

New York, July 21.—The Ansonia clock factory in Brooklyn, which employs more than a thousand hands, was opened yesterday with a full force, after a shutdown of several weeks.

MAN'S BODY DOUBLED

By Snake—Bite Causes Him to Swell and Finally Die.

Williamsport, Pa., July 21.—Edward Childs, who lived near Jersey Shore, died last night from being bitten by a rattlesnake Sunday. He was picking berries when bitten and when he reached a doctor's office his body was swollen to almost twice its normal size. He died in great agony.

1,300 MEN SENT TO HELP THE FARMERS.

New York, July 21.—More than 1,300 men have been sent to the country districts by the free labor bureau of the Bowery mission in response to the appeals of farmers for field laborers. The perennial cry of farmers, coming from the west particularly, that their crops are threatened with destruction for lack of help, is being heard as usual.

PROPHET AND 2 LYNCHED

Negro Soothsayer's Command Cause of Triple Hanging.

New Orleans, July 21.—Correspondence received from Jonesville, La., contains further particulars of the lynching of several negroes in Catahola parish, Louisiana. Three negroes instead of two were strung up, and it now develops that the lynching was because of incendiary preaching by a negro "prophet" named Albert Godlin. Godlin is alleged to have called for the burning of the cotton gin of Captain J. W. Swayne, and his order is said to have been carried out by Sam and Miller Gaines, brothers. Godlin and both of his converts paid the penalty of their crime with their lives.

SHIP RIVAL TO BE STRONG.

Princes Go Slow in Planning Hamburg Line Competition

Berlin, July 21.—The project of a new steamship line in opposition to the Hamburg-American company, which is to be financed by Prince Christian Kraft Zu Hohenlohe-Oehringen and Prince Egon Fuerstenburg, appears to have strong purposes behind it. A good deal of time will be required for the development of the plan, which has not yet reached the publicity stage. Prince Zu Hohenlohe-Oehringen has an income of about $3,750,000 and Prince Fuerstenburg has a yearly income of $7,500,000. They have planned to establish a community of interest for the investment and management of their surplus income, and as partners they will apply the trust principle to the concentration of capital in a single direction.

POISONS HERSELF TO FULFILL A PROPHECY.

Jamestown, N. Y., July 21.—Mrs. Le Roy Noble some time ago prophesied that she would die on June 28. On the date she named she died.

Yesterday the coroner announced his findings of a chemical analysis of the woman's stomach. She had poisoned herself with strychnine and fulfilled her prophecy.

DELAY BALLOON TRIAL.

Captain Chandler Rushes Work at Fort Omaha.

Omaha, Neb., July 21.—The government balloon experiments at Fort Omaha will not be undertaken before late in the fall, and may be postponed until next spring. The big balloon house is not finished and there yet remains some additional installation of machinery for the hydrogen gas plant.

Captain C. De Forest Chandler, who is in charge of the signal station, is doing all possible to push forward the work. On account of the discontinuance of the balloon practice work at Fort Myer, Va., owing to the difficulty of producing gas for inflation, the Omaha plant, which is intended to be the most perfect in the world, is greatly needed. Lieutenant F. C. Lahm, winner of the balloon race in England in 1906, is expected to participate in the experiments here.

Captain Chandler is the son of Frank M. Chandler, of Cleveland, United States marshal of the northern district of Ohio.

TAFT BUSY ON SPEECH

Candidate Will Devote Three Days to Revision of His Address.

Will Devote Hour and a Half Telling Notification Committee His Ideas.

Hot Springs, Va., July 21.—Three days more of diligent consideration and careful revision will be given by William H. Taft to the speech he is to deliver at Cincinnati Tuesday next in acknowledgment of the official notification that he is the presidential nominee of the Republican party.

Although the speech is to be supplemented in September by an extended letter of acceptance, it is the purpose of the candidate to take this earlier opportunity to set forth precisely and as concisely as may be possible, his position on the "surprising multitude" of questions which must be dealt with in the campaign.

The importance politically of thus announcing himself has been impressed upon Mr. Taft by the numerous political advisers with whom he has consulted, and he has decided to take the risk of being tedious in the delivery of a speech of an hour and a half, which will be fully illuminating, in place of the thirty-minute talk he had at first believed would suffice. But there is much consulting yet to be done and undoubtedly many changes of expression will be made.

For two nights Mr. Taft has labored over the speech until the early morning hours, and yesterday instead of indulging in his usual golf game he listened to the reading of the speech by Frank B. Kellogg. Meanwhile he sat gazing out on the links with a pleased expression, while Antal Illes, an artist of Budapest, who speaks no English, hurried a life size likeness of the candidate onto a huge canvas, for the Hungarian Republican club, of New York.

Mr. Kellogg has consented to assist in the revising process until Friday, when Mr. Taft has promised himself that the work shall be finished.

SUICIDE TAKES A SCORE

Anti-Self Destruction Conference Is Held in Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 21.—Pittsburg and vicinity are in the grasp of a suicide epidemic. Since the first of July twenty-one persons have ended their lives, while a dozen others unsuccessfully attempted self-destruction.

The frequency of the cases resulted today in a conference called by Public Safety Director Lang, at which the police and health superintendents participated. While the conference was called for the purpose of taking up the matter of trying to prevent persons committing suicide, Director Lang said there was not much the municipal authorities could do.

"When men and women hold life so cheaply that they are indifferent to the purposes they were put in this world for," said he, "it is a hard matter to convince them that self-destruction is wrong. I believe if less publicity were given suicides it would have a tendency to check them. I believe, also, if the evil of self-destruction was taken up more by clergymen it would aid greatly in disabusing persons of the idea of destroying themselves.

"The sale of drugs and weapons we may in some way control, but after all it is a moral question. Men and women must be taught by their church that self-destruction is wrong."

FISH STING KILLS BOY.

Canton, O., July 21.—Edward Long, aged 13, is dead from tetanus caused by the sting of a catfish in his right foot ten days ago.

He was barefoot when fishing at Meyers' lake and a 'catch landed on his foot. He was stung by a spine of the fish and suffered terribly for several days before his death.

TORNADO WRECKS RESORT

Cottages Crushed by Falling Giant Trees.

Fleets of Sailboats Capsized at Higgins Lake—Cottagers in a Panic.

Saginaw Mich., July 21.—Saginaw cottagers, returning last night from Higgins lake, tell a thrilling story of a tornado which struck the resort Friday night and inflicted great destruction. No one was hurt, but there were sensational escapes from death. Scores of enormous pine trees were uprooted, many of them falling on and crushing cottages. Numerous docks were swept away and the entire fleets of sailboats and launches at both camps were capsized.

The resort, which is inaccessibly located in Roscommon county, and is the most exclusive in Michigan, being occupied by persons of wealth and prominence from various cities, was thrown into a panic. Women knelt and prayed, men crawled under cottages and the wildest confusion prevailed.

READY TO GO TO CHINA.

New York, July 21.—Miss Ethel J. Wheeler, daughter of Everett P. Wheeler, who gives up her social life in this city and the pleasant surroundings of her parents' home in exchange for the hardship and work of a missionary among the women of the Chinese empire, bade many of her friends farewell yesterday in preparatory to her immediate start for central China.

BALLOON TRANSPORTATION LINE BEING ORGANIZED

Boston, July 21.—Aeroplanes or dirigible balloons will be carrying passengers and freight between New York and Boston within the next eighteen months if the plans of the American Aerial Navigation company, which is being organized by Messrs. Whipple, Sears & Ogden, a law firm of this city, are carried out.

The American Aerial Navigation company, according to the backers, is created for the purpose of manufacturing and operating aerial devices and the establishment of aerial routes for the transportation of freight and passengers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

According to the present plans, the first experiments will be made with small dirigibles, with a carrying capacity of two passengers, in addition to the operator.

Eastern Democrats Say Bryan's Injunction Plank Is No Good

Fairview, Lincoln, Neb., July 21.—Influential eastern Democrats have told William J. Bryan that, in their opinion, the anti-injunction plank of the platform adopted at Denver was hardly worth the paper it was written on, the reason alleged by them being that the David B. Hill bill, passed by the senate, which is specifically indorsed by the Democratic plank, simply carried out the common law provision, granting a jury trial in contempt cases "in the jurisdiction of the presiding judge."

The plank was drafted on the assumption that the Hill bill was passed only after it had been amended by Senator Allen, of Nebraska, to make trial by jury mandatory at the request of the defendant.

Mr. Bryan spent several anxious hours after receiving this information. While reasonably sure of his ground, the allegation that he and the majority of the committee on resolutions had been tricked caused him to worry, and he admitted that he would have an inquiry set on foot.

The Associated Press correspondent relieved his suspense by submitting to him advices from Washington showing that the Hill bill, as finally adopted by the United States senate in 1896, provided for summary punishment by the court in direct contempt cases, but made it mandatory for the court to grant a trial by jury in all cases where such contempt was committed outside of the jurisdiction of the court, and where such jury trial was demanded by the accused.

This was the Allen amendment, as Bryan remembered it, and it cleared up what threatened to become an awkward situation for the Democratic candidate for the presidency.

WAR DOGS ARE GROWLING

Hostilities About to Begin in Central America.

Nicaragua and Honduras About to Become Involved in Conflict.

Guatemala City, Guatemala, July 21.—According to information reaching here today from Nicaragua and Honduras these two Central American states are about to become plunged in war. The reason for this is the help given by Nicaragua to the Honduran revolutionists.

The outcome of this lamentable development cannot, of course, be foreseen.

The violation by Nicaragua of her treaties of peace has caused indignation throughout all Central America.

IS THE OLDEST VETERAN

So Thinks Haggart, Who Is 94 Years Old.

Cleveland, O., July 21.—In Archibald Haggart, No. 10304 Wilbur avenue S. E., Cleveland lays claim to having the oldest survivor of the civil war and one of the veterans of that memorable struggle who passed through the operations before Nashville and the stirring events just preceding Sherman's famous march to the sea. Mr. Haggart, though ninety-four years old, still is hale and hearty. He still likes to tell of the exciting events of the great war in which he played a part. Despite his years he is active and alert, and would his children permit he would think nothing of walking down town every day.

It was not until this summer that Mr. Haggart could be prevailed upon to forego his daily walk to the downtown district. Then his children, fearing automobiles and other vehicles, placed a ban upon these long walks. But he still takes an occasional trolley ride.

There are two things which Mr. Haggart will not forego. This is the pleasure he gets from playing with his young grandson, Warren Reynolds Schmitz, and his visits to the Forest City Post, G. A. R. He is as proud of young Warren as of his achievements in the Army of the Cumberland, and when he isn't talking of his war experiences, the doings of his grandson are his theme. He is an active member of the Forest City Post and takes a great interest in all its doings.

Mr. Haggart enlisted two years after the war broke out and served with General Thomas in the Tennessee campaigns. He was in the siege of Nashville, and after the city's capitulation was placed in charge of the union army's supplies at that point. He held this important position for several months. He was a member of the 149th regiment of New York volunteers and served in all its important engagements.

After the war Mr. Haggart returned to Syracuse. He came to Cleveland in 1876.

QUARTER OF TAFT'S SPEECH IS ON LABOR.

Hot Springs, Va., July 21.—After a day devoted to a conference with Wm. H. Taft on the labor feature of his speech of acceptance, Prof. Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States weather bureau, said twelve of the fifty typewritten pages of the speech were devoted to the labor problem.

1 KILLED IN LABOR FIGHT.

Alabama Miners and Deputy Marshals Clash.

Birmingham, Ala., July 21.—A fight is reported in the Blue Creek region between miners and deputies. One negro reported killed and three deputies shot.

ABANDON CAPTURED TOWN

Priest Leader in Revolt at Gracias, Honduras.

Puerto Cortez, July 21.—Details of the capture and abondonment at Gracias, one of the first towns taken in the present insurrection in Honduras, have reached here. A priest, according to these reports, led in the revolt at Gracias, inducing many of his congregation to take arms. His force captured the plaza and public offices and held these places for ten days expecting similar uprisings throughout Honduras, but they did not occur.

TWO ENTRANCES SOUGHT

Union Pacific at Vancouver, C. P. R. at Seattle.

Winnipeg, Man., July 21.—William Whyte, second vice president of the Canadian Pacific, left this city last night for Skagway, Alaska. He will also visit Seattle, Vancouver and Prince Rupert. His visit to Seattle is in connection with the union of the Canadian Pacific and the Union Pacific lines in the formation of a corporation to buy the Bellingham Bay & British Columbia railway, by which the Union Pacific will have an entrance to Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific an entrance to Seattle. The Canadian Pacific, it is said, will spend half a million dollars in Seattle next year.

DECREASE IN IMMIGRATION

Washington, July 21.—Immigration to the United States from all countries, particularly Russia and Japan, showed a marked falling off in June as compared with 1907. The total number debarred for various reasons was 543, compared with 1,311 in 1907.

BADGE OF GRAND ARMY

Official Emblem to Be Worn by Encampment Delegates.

Beautiful Design Will Also Be Used on Flag for Decorative Purposes.

For the first time in the history of the Grand Army of the Republic permission has been given to publish, prior to that event, a picture of the badge to be worn by the delegates to the encampment.

The privilege was granted through the efforts of Col. F. M. Sterrett, who took it up with General Charles Burton, commander-in-chief. The letter authorizing such publication was received this morning.

Seventeen hundred of these badges will be distributed. They will be worn only by past national officers and the official representatives of the posts in the country.

The badge is made from a design furnished by William G. Welsh, of this city.

At all other encampments cuts of the badge have been withheld for the reason that the design was the property of the house making the badge and it was feared that more badges would be struck off and sold, thus making the emblem common.

This time the executive committee has entered into a contract with a badge house to make the badge, retaining proprietorship of the design and effecually preventing the issue of any more than 1,700.

Another precedent established is the awarding of the contract to a Toledo firm to print the badge on a yellow background flag, two by three feet. These flags will be sold by the firm and a percentage of the receipts goes to the encampment funds.

This will be recognized as the official flag for decoration and thousands will be made.

LOSES A RACE WITH DEATH

Girl Dies on Train En Route to Home.

Creston, Iowa, July 18.—Racing with death from coast to coast, Miss Della Bainton, daughter of a wealthy New York merchant, died on Burlington train No. 2 as it was pulling into the station last night.

The young woman was returning home to Jersey City, N. J., from a search for health on the Pacific coast, and was accompanied only by a nurse. The body was prepared for burial during the night and was sent to Jersey City today.

KERN GIVEN A RECEPTION.

Fairbanks Welcomes Democratic V. P. Candidate.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 16.—The nonpartisan reception given John W. Kern, the newly nominated Democratic candidate for vice president, held in the court yard last night, on the candidate's arrival home from Denver, was as hearty and generous and spontaneous as the citizens of Indianapolis, regardless of politics, could make it.

Fully 5,000 persons gathered in Delaware street and in the court house yard and gave Mr. Kern a hearty welcome and cheered him enthusiastically.

The candidate addressed the crowd about twenty minutes, following his presentation by Charles W. Fairbanks, vice president of the United States. Four years ago Mr. Kern presented Mr. Fairbanks to a big non-partisan gathering under similar circumstances.

REPORTS PERSIA AT PEACE

Minister Jackson, on Way Home, Tells of Conditions

Berlin, July 16.—John B. Jackson, the American minister to Persia, arrived in Berlin today on his way to the United States for his annual leave of absence. Jackson said complete quiet reigned at Teheran when he left that city twelve days ago and that he and other foreign observers believe the country has entered upon a period of tranquility.

The secret societies maintained a state of anarchy in Teheran until the shah decisively put into effect his constitutional authority, says Jackson.

BOY MAKES A BIG THEFT

Steals Satchel Containing $10,000 Worth of Securities.

Chicago, July 20.—A suit case containing stocks, bonds and other securities valued at $10,000 and belonging to John Burford, of Chattanooga, Tenn., was stolen by a 12-year-old boy, it was learned by the police today. The theft occurred in the federal building, while Mr. Burford was listening to the trial of a case in the United States court.

VILAS RESTING EASILY.

Madison, Wis., July 21.—Colonel William F. Vilas, former United States senator, who is suffering from a hemorrhage of the brain, was reported today by his physician to be resting easily. The patient's condition is said to be such that no nourishment can be administered.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, July 18.—Bradstreet's says: Trade and industry are still in a condition of midsummer quiet, with preparations for fall trade, stimulated by generally good crop progress, going forward with confidence, but with conservatism ruling operations, pending clearer views of ultimate crop and political results. Activity in retail trade is centered in the disposal of surplus stocks of summer goods at concessions, but reduced public buying ability is reflected in reports from some centers of slow progress in clearing shelves of goods. Jobbing activity is still mainly confined to filling small but frequent repeat orders for summer fabrics, though a few southern and northwestern points report enlargement of takings for fall. Wholesale trade is preparing for future requirements, but primary lines of production are running within control, and curtailed outputs are still a feature in most lines of industry.

Raw materials for manufacture have a firmer tone, but staple wools are firmest in that market, clothing grades being comparatively neglected. Openings of men's spring wear woolens are generally at reductions from the preceding season. There is a little more life in building lines, particularly south and west, and yellow pine is firmer, with optimistic predictions from southern and Pacific northwestern lumber men. Iron and steel are quiet, but a slightly larger percentage of finished capacity is claimed working, a larger proportion of this, however, than usual being on export business. Business failures in the United States for the week ended July 16 number 258, which compares with 246 last week, 177 in the like week of 1907, 188 in 1906, 166 in 1905, and 190 in 1904. Business failures in Canada for the week number 28, which compares with 39 last week and 26 in this wek of 1907.

Grain Market.

Toledo, O., July 21.—Wheat scored small fractional gains at the outset today, mainly as the result of buying on the strength of bullish reports from the northwest. Liverpool opened ½@¾d lower. Wheat stocks in Minneapolis decreased 350,000 bushels in three days. Traders were inclined to look for a rather narrow market. Receipts continued heavy, especially at Chicago where 304 cars were received. Toledo cash, July and September wheat opened at 91½c, the first two months showing a gain of ⅛c and September an advance of ⅜c. At 93¾c, December was unchanged. May opened ⅛c lower at 97⅜c.

Northwest cars were 269 against 212 last week and 284 a year ago. Advices from the spring wheat district were of a bullish tenor, as a rule. Covering by shorts was the dominent uplifting influence.. Cash and July wheat closed ⅝c up at 92c; September, ½c higher at 92c; December, ½c up at 94¼c, and May ⅝c up at 97⅞c. Liverpool closed ½d to ½d up.

Corn displayed a steady position, not only at the opening, but practically throughout the morning. Crop news continued good. At the opening Liverpool was ½c higher. All options were unchanged in the first hour excepting December, which was ½c lower at 61⅝c. July and September were quoted at 77¾c and May at 61c.

The maize market displayed a weak tone all day. The closes follow: Cash, 77½c; July, 77¼c; September, 77¼c; December, 61¼c; May, 61c. Liverpool closed ⅝d higher.

Oats at 10 a. m. was substantially at the same level as on Monday at the same period. As a rule, crop news was favorable. July was unchanged at 55c. September opened ¼c lower at 43⅝c, later advancing to 44c. May recovered a loss of ¼c from the start, by advancing to 45¼c early in the morning.

The finals in oats were: Cash, 59c; July, 55½c; September, 44⅝c; May, 45¾c.

There was a mild reaction in clover seed. Beneficial rains have had a slight-ly bearish effect on the market. October opened 7¼c lower at $8.00, later advancing to $8.05. At $7.97½, December was 2½c lower. March showed no change at $8.00. Alsike was also steady at $9.10.

At the close, October clover seed was 2½c off at $8.05; December, 2½c down at $7.97½, and March unchanged at $8.00. Alsike closed 10c up at $9.20.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	July 21.	Close— July 20.
Cash	91½	....	....	92	91⅜
July	91½	92½	....	92	91⅜
Sept.	91½	92⅛	....	92	91½
Dec.	93¾	....	....	94¼	93¾
May	97⅜	....	....	97⅞	97½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	77½	78
July	77¾	....	....	77¼	77¾
Sept.	77¾	....	....	77¼	77¾
Dec.	61⅝	....	61⅝	61½	61⅝
May	61	....	60⅞	61	61
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	59	59½
July	55	....	....	55½	55
Sept	43⅝	....	....	44⅝	43⅝
May	45⅜	....	....	46⅞	45½
Clover Seed—					
Oct	8.00	8.07½	....	8.05	8.07½
Dec	7.97½	....	....	7.97½	8.00
March	8.00	....	....	8.00	8.00
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	74½	73½
No. 2	....	....	....	73½	72½
No. 3	....	....	....	69½	68½
Alsike—					
Aug.	9.10	....	....	9.20	9.10

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	90¼	91¼	90⅜	90⅞	90⅜
Sept.	90⅝	91½	90½	91⅜	90⅝
Dec. (new)	92⅜	93⅛	92½	92⅞	92½
Dec. (old)	93¼	....	....	93½	92⅝
May	96½	97⅜	....	97⅛	96¾
Corn—					
July	75⅜	....	....	75⅞	75⅞
Sept.	....	75⅞	75¼	75½	75⅜
Dec.	61⅛	61⅝	60⅞	61⅜	61⅛
May	60¾	....	60¼	60⅜	60⅝
Oats—					
July (old)	52⅛	52⅜	....	52⅜	51⅜
July (new)	52⅛	52⅜	....	52½	51⅝
Sept.	42⅝	44	....	43⅞	42⅞
May	45	45¼	44⅞	45⅜	44⅞
Dec.	43	43⅜	....	43½	42⅜

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	1.00⅞	1.01	....	1.01¼	1.00⅞
Sept.	98½	98⅞	98⅜	98⅞	98⅜
Corn—					
July	87	....	....	87	87
Sept.	83⅞	....	....	83½	83⅞

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	89¼	....	89	89¼	89¾
Sept.	89¼	....	....	89⅜	89⅜

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	....	....	....	15.72	15.45
Sept	15.55	15.85	....	15.82	15.60
Oct	....	....	....	15.85	15.67
Lard—					
July	....	....	....	9.27	9.17
Sept	9.27	9.37	9.25	9.35	9.27
Oct	9.37	....	9.35	9.45	9.35
Ribs—					
July	8.65	....	....	8.70	8.60
Sept	8.70	....	....	8.85	8.75
Oct	8.80	....	....	8.92	8.82

Toledo Union Stock Yards, July 31.—The hog market was slow and 5c to 10c lower today. Receipts were light. Declines were reported from all other markets. Local prices continued too high to interest outside buyers to any extent. Local packers were the principal buyers and the market ruled slow.

Cattle were quiet and steady. Sheep and lambs suffered a loss of 25c all around.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.85; mediums, $6.85; Yorkers, $6.75@6.85; light Yorkers, 100 to 140 lbs., average, $6.25@6.65; good pigs, $6.10@6.35; stags and roughs, $5.50@5.85; good mixed, $6.75@6.80; bulk of sales, $6.75@6.80.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs and up, $6.50@7.00; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $5.00@5.50; fair to medium, $4.50@5.25; plain light steers, $4.00@4.50; extra heifers, $5.25@5.50; fair to medium, $3.25@4.25; choice heavy cows, $4.50@5.00; good butcher cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; choice butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; common to good bulls, $3.00@3.75; stockers and feeders, $3.50@5.50.

Sheep and lambs—Yearlings, $5.75@6.25; wethers, $4.00@4.25; mixed sheep $3.25@3.75; culls and common, $2.25@3.00; spring lambs, $6.25@6.75.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.25@7.50; fair to good, $6.00@7.00; common, $4.00@5.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., July 21.—(Swope, H., W. & B.'s special report to The Blade.)—Cattle—Receipts, 10 cars; market slow. Hogs—Receipts, 10 cars; market steady; heavy, $7.00; Yorkers, $6.90@7.00 pigs, $6.50. Sheep—Receipts, 3 cars; market steady; best lambs, $7.25; yearlings, $5.45@5.50; wethers, $4.50@4.75; ewes, $4.20@4.25. Calves, $4.50@7.75.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, July 21.—Cattle, receipts about 2,000; market strong to a shade higher; beeves, $4.30@7.80; Texans, $3.70@5.70; westerners, $3.90@6.30; stockers and feeders, $2.50@4.70; cows, $2.10@6.00; calves, $5.00@6.75. Hogs, receipts about 13,000; market 5@10c lower; light, $6.00@6.65; mixed, $6.10@6.75; heavy, $6.10@6.75; rough, $6.10@6.40; pigs, $5.15@6.00; good to choice heavy, $6.40@6.75; bulk of sales, $6.40@6.60. Sheep, receipts about 15,000; market shade lower; native, $2.75@4.50; western, $2.75@4.60; yearlings, $4.40@5.70; lambs, live, $4.50@6.